

Together

Our Church's 5 Big Jobs



In Color: **America the Beautiful**

Can Coaches Be Christian?

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

August 1957



Together

Established in 1826 as *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*
The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families



"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

AUGUST 15, 1957

Vol. 1, No. 11

Some Summer Verse	2
My Religion of Laughter Minnie Pearl	9
Why Did I Survive the Atom Bomb? Martin Kawano	10
Can Coaches Be Christian? (Powwow) James W. Carty, Jr.	13
Bring the Best Out of Boys! Amos Alonzo Stagg	15
As told to Arthur Forey	15
Unusual Methodists	18
A Letter on Love and Marriage Leslie Keating	20
Babies Have the Right to Live C. C. Cawley	23
Tom Sawyer Town (Pictorial)	24
Our Church's 5 Big Jobs T. Otto Nall	26
Daughters Are What You Make Them . . . Marion Stocker	29
How the Deckers Did It Longstreet Stevens	33
America the Beautiful—in color photographs	34
Take Better Vacation Pictures Charles W. Keysor	43
What Makes TV Stars Shine? Ed Sullivan	47
As told to Michael Sheridan	47
Hospitality U.S.A. Phyllis Braunlich	50
MYF Takes a Mammoth Trip	64
News of the World Parish	7, 67
The Tonga Islands	74

OTHER FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Letters	3	Looks at New Books	44
A Prayer	28	Browsing in Fiction	57
Looks at Movies	31	Dr. Rall Answers	59
Name Your Hobby	44	Getting Along Together	60
Teens Together	45	Small Fry	62
Spiritual Efficiency	46	Methodist Almanack	68
Light Unto My Path	52	Let's Get Acquainted	73



In August's sultry dog days, thoughts keep straying to cool lakes and quiet mountain peaks. So you'll be refreshed, we think, by the heat-chasing photo on our cover. Taken by Mildred L. Cromwell, it strikes a "purple mountain majesties" theme and introduces the winners in our *America the Beautiful* contest. Other winners, pages 34-42.

First we tried counting people, then dogs. But every time we counted canines or humans, we'd find another. So we give up and pass the job on to you. All we can say is it's an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic, with all its flavor captured by Graham Hunter, nationally known cartoonist... Anybody else for the potato race before we eat?

TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect concurrence of The Methodist Church. **Editor:** Leland D. Case • **Executive Editor:** Paul Friggens • **Managing Editor:** Charles W. Keyser • **Art Editor:** Floyd A. Johnson • **Associate Editors:** H. B. Teeter, Bruce L. Williams, Fred R. Zepp • **Editorial Assistants:** Else Bjornstad, Judy M. Johnson • **Contributing Editors:** Newman S. Cryer, Jr., T. Otto Nall, H. F. Rall, Roy L. Smith • **Business Manager:** Warren P. Clark • **Advertising Manager:** John H. Fisher • **Publisher:** Lovick Pierce • © 1957 by Lovick Pierce.

Manuscripts and Correspondence for publication: Write to Editorial Offices, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Authors should send postage.

Subscription: \$3 per year. Write to TOGETHER Business Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Advertising: For rates, write to TOGETHER Magazine Representatives, 454 Wrigley Building, Chicago 11. Entered as second-class mailing matter at Post Office in Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Nashville, Tenn. Accepted for mailing at special rate in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 5, 1918.

Change of Address: Five weeks' advance notice, old and new addresses, and mailing label from current issue are needed. Mail to TOGETHER Business Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago.



GRAHAM HUNTER



*Of all 12,000
color photos our
readers sent
to illustrate
America the
Beautiful, this one
by Jan Doward,
Auburn, Wash.,
best captures
summer's August
mood.—EDS.*



Some Summer Verse

GROWTH

The tendrils of a seedling vine
Leaned against a wall,
Clinging with young fingers
That had no strength at all.

In time the vine held tightly
And secretly aspired
To reach the very summit;
And as it climbed acquired

A strength not yet detected,
A ruggedness not guessed,
As winding up and round itself
It reached the stony crest.

The years brought with maturity
A vigor slowly won,
Until its sturdy branches gave
Support to crumbling stone.

—PHYLLIS M. FLAIG

A GARDEN

A garden is a sunny room
Where peonies and pansies bloom.
A music hall where all day long
Birds fill the sheltered nooks with song.

A garden is a magic space
Where miracles are taking place.
And nature, out of leafy mold,
Produces phlox and marigold.

A garden is a gallery gay
With lovely pictures on display.
A church where stately lilies nod
And men draw very close to God.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

("Favorite Poem" submitted by Dora Bohm, Route 1,
Edwardsville, Ill., © April 6, 1934 by Edgar A. Guest)

Letters

'Lifetime . . . of Deeds' in 26 Words

MISS BEATRICE TRASK, *Denver, Colo.* In reading *The Happiest Day* [June, page 23] I was especially struck with the words, "Someday I'll have children of my own. And when I do, I'll ask only that I can give them the happiness you two have given me." What a lifetime of words and deeds are put into that quote by Kathy to her father as he escorts her down the aisle on her wedding day!

'To What Purpose?'

MRS. H. C. WEST, *Chinook, Mont.* *TOGETHER* is a pretty and interesting magazine, but to what purpose besides entertainment? Does it help us take our Christian stand on current affairs? I find recent issues of *The Lutheran Herald* and *The Christian Century* alerting us on immigration bills and the atomic-agency treaty, but our June issue can do nothing more than point back to Jamestown, and "Disagree on Nuclear Tests" [News, page 70]. We need information, not equivocation.

Evidently, Mrs. West—and perhaps other readers—overlooked *TOGETHER*'s authoritative *Powwow* about banning atomic tests. It appeared in the November issue—anticipating by several months the current discussions in newspapers.—Eds.

Develops Overlooked Point

LON DILL, *Assistant Administrative Director, Jamestown-Williamsburg-Yorktown National Celebration Commission, Williamsburg, Va.* I feel I am writing on behalf of both state and federal commissions to express our gratitude for your interest in the 350th anniversary celebration and for *TOGETHER*'s splendid color-illustrated article on this historic area, *Where American Protestantism First Took Root* [June, page 34].

Your article develops an essential and often-overlooked point—that Jamestown was indeed the beginning of the Protestant faith in the New World. Our history might have been quite different if it had not taken root.

'Tears . . . and Understanding'

MRS. RUSSELL WILLIAMS, *Homer, N.Y.* Just finished reading the very sad Personal Testimony by Barbara Murray Finkes, *I Am Not Afraid* [June, page 11]. I know it brought tears to all who read it, and maybe a better understanding of the real meaning of faith.

Thank you so much for the worthwhile reading in *TOGETHER*. . .

We've had much mail about Barbara Finkes' touching testimony. One typical reader comments: "The influence of this single story will go on forever." We hope so. Many readers are writing letters of comfort and appreciation directly to Jerry, reports his mother, Mrs. Carl Finkes of Columbus, Ohio. Incidentally, Jerry now is taking a short course at Miami University.—Eds.

Purcell Hit the Nailhead!

RICHARD B. DIFFENDERFER, *Collingswood, N.J.* Malcolm Purcell has hit the nail squarely on the head in *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* [June, page 28]. One need but read your magazine to see that our denomination's emphasis is on social betterment, large membership rolls, and huge sums of money, rather than the need for each of us, as sinners, to find Christ as our personal Savior. You offer mankind famous Methodist football players, actors, and bathing beauties, instead of the transforming gospel message for which it hungers. . . .

No More Shouters, Please

MRS. A. C. ALEXANDER, *Charleston, Ill.* To say the least, I did not like *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?*

Thank God, there are no more.

When I was six I was taken with my younger sisters to what was then called "protracted meeting." Of what denomination, I do not know.

Of course, I did not understand what was said, but I have never forgotten the result of what was said. A number of excited people dancing around, clapping, throwing their hands around, some embracing others, and finally some falling in the aisles, seemingly insensible. We sat on the front seat and I remember how fearful my mother was that one of the young women acting thus would fall on one of her children.

Since then I have seen some "shouting" and I hope I never see any more. Christian emotion has better ways of demonstrating itself. Our church has committees on missions, evangelism, education, lay activities, Christian social emphasis, and town and country. Isn't that a wonderful way to work off enthusiasm? . . .

'Sin, Hell, and Heaven . . .'

KING LASSITER, *Bethpage, Tenn.* About *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* I am 65 years old, was raised in a typical little Methodist church in a rural Tennessee community, and I can easily recall the protracted meetings we had in

30% MORE SEATING CAPACITY

with American Seating's
NEW Folding Chair!



Greatest advance in folding chairs in 25 years! Independent-fold seat saves *nine inches* back-to-back spacing over conventional folding chairs!

Upholstered spring-arch seat for luxurious comfort. Wide choice of upholstery colors and materials, and frame colors. Safe, silent, long service. Handle between chairs for easy handling.

The most complete line of folding chairs, with the greatest use-value in every price bracket. Let us demonstrate—soon.

Other models also available in these seat styles—birch plywood, shaped steel, imitation leather upholstery. Accessories. Also folding tables, storage trucks.

Mail coupon below today

AMERICAN SEATING

American Seating Company, Dept. 144-F
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan.

Please send full information on complete American Seating Folding Chair and Table lines.

Name _____

Street _____

City and Zone _____

State _____

Order Any Book

. . . you see reviewed in *TOGETHER* at the publisher's advertised price—we pay the postage to you.

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE



Order from House serving you

Baltimore 3 • Chicago 11 • Cincinnati 2
Dallas 1 • Detroit 1 • Kansas City 6
Nashville 2 • New York 11 • Pittsburgh 30
Portland 5 • Richmond 15 • San Francisco 2

Shop at our **COKEBURY BOOK STORES** in:
ATLANTA, 72 Broad St., N.W.
BOSTON, 577 Boylston St.
LOS ANGELES, 5244 Santa Monica Blvd.

our little church where there was more heartfelt religion than in today's great modern churches. Night after night we attended these great religious services, deeply interested in the song services and sermons that told us there was a certain hell and heaven. . . . When that precious mother of mine began shouting, this meant more to me than 1,000 sermons as they are delivered today. What is lacking in our modern churches is the fact that Jesus, and him crucified, is not preached. Modern ministers do not preach besetting sin, hell, and heaven because it might hurt someone's feelings. . . . We sorely need ministers who are fearless, teaching and preaching as Jesus and Paul . . .

Disagrees With Dr. Smith

RALPH E. JOHNSON, *Jackson, Tenn.* I find myself in agreement with many points in the controversial article, *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* and also with some statements made by each of the general secretaries.

However, I wish to take exception to the position taken by Dr. Eugene L. Smith, particularly his statement, "The church is not a gathering of people already saved; it is a gathering of sinners in need of salvation." I find it hard to believe that anyone in his place of leadership in the church could be guilty of having such an opinion. I find no place for it in either the Bible or *The Methodist Discipline* . . .

EDS. NOTE: We called reader Johnson's letter to the attention of Dr. Smith, who is General Secretary, Division of World Missions. And here is a pertinent portion of his reply:

Mr. Johnson's concern is a vital one. Salvation, of course, is salvation from sin. The fact of salvation is real. In his concern that we not lose sight of this fact, I am in profound agreement with him. The church is, as he writes, "a connectional society of those who profess their faith in Christ." However, there is another fact we have to remember. Salvation is a fact. At the same time, salvation is also a process. At this point the Scripture is abundantly clear and nothing in *The Discipline of The Methodist Church* contradicts this scriptural insight into the nature of salvation.

St. Paul stated it. "Not that I . . . am already perfect; but I press on . . . because Christ Jesus has made me his own. . . ."

'Interesting . . . Attractive'

JOHN T. KENNA, *Director, Church Safety Activities Division, National Safety Council, Chicago, Ill.* Dr. Conley of the AMA has sent us a copy of *TOGETHER* and its interesting article, *Danger: Poison in Your Home* [May, page 65]. This article is well done and is a good example of how the religious or religiously oriented press can effectively remind the American people of safety considerations implicit in just about every area of human existence. The best thing about it is that these re-

mindings can be interesting, informative, and attractive—which practically everything about your magazine is, anyway.

GIs—Accurate Appraisal

MAJ. GEN. G. S. MELOY, JR., *Chief of Information, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C.* In my opinion, and that of our experts in community relations, Gordon Gaskill's first installment of *How Bad Are GIs Abroad?* [June, page 13] is a fair, accurate, and objective treatment. Although the article states that it is reporting the negative side of soldier conduct only, it does so with well-balanced perspective.

Lonely Soldiers

MRS. CAL ROENFANZ, *Peshtigo, Wis.* Your article, *How Bad Are GIs Abroad?* interested me. I lived in Germany as a dependent of a Pfc. It's a complicated business, occupying a country and trying to make friends. Service life is so transient; addresses don't get taken or are lost or are unreadable. Some of our best friends have gone that way. Although there are only a few boorish GIs, you only hear about the bad ones. Boys 18 or so, although they may be well trained at home, sometimes get homesick and lonely. . . .

'Eye-catching Cover'

WALTER K. KERR, *Pastor, Marvin Methodist Church, Tyler, Tex.* The cover of *TOGETHER* for June is especially eye-catching for Tyler Methodists because it pictures one of our prettiest young ladies in Marvin Church—Miss Bettye Cobb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louie Cobb, Jr.



SHE'S A METHODIST, TOO!

Thanks, Bettye, for posing. And you, Reverend Kerr, for backstopping the photographer. He overlooked telling us that Bettye is a Methodist.—Eps.

Wanted, Extra Copies

A. M. MOSELEY, *Greenville, S.C.* I am enclosing a check for \$1. Please send me as many copies of *TOGETHER* as it will permit.

I want the extra copies for passing along the lead article, *I Am Not Afraid* [June, page 11], to others who need assurance. This alone makes the magazine worth the subscription price.

'Some Might Differ'

M. L. DAVIS, *Pastor, Trimble Methodist Church, Trimble, Tenn.* I want to say as a pastor that *TOGETHER* is, no doubt, the answer to a long-standing need in our church and with the constant improvement that is being made it should soon stand at the top of all religious magazines in America. I, myself, think it already there, but some might differ.

She Remembers Dr. Connick

MRS. ROGER L. CHANDLER, *Whittier, Calif.* I was very pleased to read *Sermon on the Mount Put to Work* by Dr. C. Milo Connick [June, page 46]. During my four years at Whittier College I was privileged to take three of Dr. Connick's religion courses. His classes usually include students of many faiths and attitudes, and in our learning to discuss and think together the class became more than a course about religion; it became a meaningful religious experience as well.

Dr. Connick is one of those fine persons whose religious beliefs are clearly indicated in all of his actions.

'Your Magazine Helps'

THE JOHN BOSWELL FAMILY, *DeLeon, Tex.* Please accept the sincere thanks of a family of temporarily inactive Methodists for such a fine magazine. We are trying to teach our children that God is everywhere, and your magazine certainly helps with its lovely scenery pictures, helpful hints for teen-agers, and interesting pages for the small fry, as well as more serious thoughts for us older folks.

Another Together Clipper

MRS. ANDREW G. SORENSON, *Mitchell, S.D.* As a "parsonage child" I was raised on *The Christian Advocate* and in my adult life it was always one of our magazines. It never occurred to me that it could be improved upon. But in *TOGETHER* you have produced an even better "official organ" for our great church.

I have clipped *What Is a Girl?* and *What Is a Boy?* [May, page 22], also the William Allen White classic, *Mary White* [May, page 46]. And when I was ready to file them I stapled them into the cover of that issue. I have always been a clipper, but in the last year, in which I have edited the official organ of the South Dakota Congress of Parents and Teachers, I have come to do it with a more discerning eye. I can't even guess how many of my clips have come from your magazines . . .

3 Sermon Illustrations . . .

KENNETH LITTLEJOHN HAMILTON, *Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Ocean Drive Beach, S.C.* Several months ago I was on an air base as a reserve chaplain for a few days. Another chaplain gave me three copies of your fine magazine for distribution to hospitals. The maga-

Earn "Pin Money" in Spare Time— by being a good neighbor

by JANE CLARK



This year, thousands of women—even those who never before had any experience making money—will receive a sizable spare time income without being tied down to a humdrum job.

For example, Ruth Rodgers made \$107.25 last year without taking one moment away from her responsibilities at home. "It was so easy and such fun," she said. "I found out that most of my friends like nice things, and they like to save money, too. I simply offered to show them how. At the same time I earned all the money I wanted for my personal 'extras' without dipping into the family budget".

"All I did was to introduce the Chilton Christmas Card assortments to my circle of acquaintances whenever I visited them for a cup of tea or an afternoon bridge game or after the P.T.A. meetings. In just fifteen minutes I made as much as \$3.25 for myself."

Mrs. Rodgers was enthusiastic. "Best of all," she went on, "I had no big investment to make and I didn't have to know a thing about selling. My friends just couldn't resist ordering cards at first sight! Even the most hard-to-please were thrilled with the beautiful designs—especially when they learned that the cost was just a fraction of what they always paid for fine quality cards in the stores. In fact, they saved more money by ordering Chilton gift wraps, stationery and other lovely gift items at the same time."

Mrs. Rodgers went on to explain that she plans to earn her pin money the same way this year. Her hopes are even greater because the Chilton Greeting Company will distribute \$2000.00 in prizes for 1957. Women such as Mrs. Rodgers and her friends who place orders for cards through them are all eligible to win these cash prizes.

Anyone may take advantage of this spare time extra-income opportunity. As Mrs. Rodgers says, "My friends thought I was doing them a favor. They needed Christmas cards anyway. They love the variety and the convenience of making their selection at leisure without shopping in crowded stores or worrying about parking problems. They thanked me for showing them how to save. At the same time, just being a good neighbor helped me earn the easiest money I ever made."

ACCEPT THIS AMAZING DEMONSTRATION OFFER And Prove You Can MAKE \$3²⁵ IN JUST 15 MINUTES!

ALL 4 BOXES OF BEAUTIFUL CHILTON CARDS for only \$1⁰⁰ (Retail Value \$4.50)



**ALL 4 BOXES—
FOR ONLY \$1.00**

PRIZE CHRISTMAS
21 all - different cards with festive gold and silver, in red envelopes. Sells for \$1.00

CHRISTMAS HI-JINKS
14 extra-tall clever greetings express the light side of Christmas. Sells for \$1.00

CHRISTMAS STAR-LITES
18 modern and traditional tall shapes, poinsettia red envelopes. Sells for \$1.25

NOEL
21 enchanting Yuletide and winter scenes in soft tones with glitter. Sells for \$1.25

This is a special introductory offer for new Chilton dealers only

EVERYBODY loves Chilton Christmas Cards! That's why it's so easy to sell them. Once your friends and neighbors see the gorgeous brilliant designs, the superb quality, the new poinsettia-red envelopes, they'll be sure to order them. And when they compare the low, low price per box, they'll thank you for helping them save so much!

Send for these four introductory boxes now. Then take them next door to your neighbor and within a few minutes you'll have made yourself \$3.25! No selling experience is needed! Our money-making guides tell how to earn \$20, \$50, \$100 and more simply showing Chilton Greeting Card assortments, gift wrappings, stationery and gift items.

SEND NO MONEY: If you decide not to become a Chilton dealer, return the 4-boxes and owe nothing. Or keep them for your own use at retail price. Only one offer to a family or household. Mail coupon below today!

And you'll also learn how you may

**WIN BIG PRIZES
IN CHILTON'S EXCITING
\$2,000 CASH CONTEST**

As an active Chilton dealer, you and your customers will have an opportunity to try for big cash prizes (first prize: \$1000 cash!) in Chilton's Contest. You'll receive complete details plus official entry blanks together with the money-making Chilton kit.

Chilton

76 Atherton St., Boston 30, Mass.
1812 Roscoe St., Chicago 13, Ill.
IN CANADA:
105 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.

CHILTON GREETINGS CO., Dept. 832

76 Atherton St., Boston 30, Mass. • 1812 Roscoe St., Chicago 13, Ill.
Please send me the four boxes of Chilton Greetings described above, plus full details about your Cash Prize Contest. I pay nothing now or when the cards arrive. I understand that the special introductory price to active dealers is \$1 plus mailing cost and that if I do not sell I may return them without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ If you would like to raise funds for an organization, please check here.
IN CANADA: 105 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.



IN SPARE TIME . . . WITHOUT TAKING A JOB OR PUTTING IN REGULAR HOURS . . . AND WITHOUT EXPERIENCE

Here's a delightful, easy way to make an extra \$50 to \$200—or even more—and you'll enjoy every minute of it! Just show samples of nationally-known Regal Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors and co-workers. Everyone you know sends Christmas Cards, and they'll order from you on sight (thanking you for the chance) when they see the exquisite beauty, rich glowing colors and sparkling new design in this year's Regal Christmas line.

Thousands of men, women (and even children) find it so easy—and so pleasant—to use this means of getting extra income. Why not you, too?

FREE 1.25 GIFT FOR PROMPT ACTION

This "TINY TV" salt and pepper set is yours to keep FREE if you act at once. Turn knob and salt and pepper shakers pop up ready for use.



SEND NO MONEY—WRITE FOR FREE ALBUM
Mail coupon below for FREE 1957 album of personalized Christmas Cards, a FREE 36-page full-color catalogue, and sample box assortments on approval—everything you need to get started.

REGAL GREETING CARD CO.

Dept. TO-8, Ferndale 20, Mich.

Please rush FREE Christmas Card Album, FREE catalogue and sample boxes on approval and money-making plan.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if writing for church, school or club interested in raising funds.

LIFE INCOME YOURS

Choose the
BEST investment
with **TRIPLE returns**



- 1 Guaranteed life income of high percentage that never varies, is never late and not affected by economic conditions.
- 2 Absolute safety—annuity reserves in segregated fund managed according to N.Y. insurance laws.
- 3 Full response to Christ's command, "Go Ye . . ." because your money will eventually be used for world-wide missions.

Illustrated Booklet FREE

Write today for your copy of "BRIGHT HORIZONS". Fully explains The Annuity Plan, answers all your questions, illustrates missionary work at home and abroad. A helpful guide to wiser stewardship. Get your copy NOW. Address:

Rev. H. Burnham Kirkland, Division of World Missions and Division of National Missions of the Board of Missions of THE METHODIST CHURCH
Dept. T8-30-7 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

zines stayed in my car for three months. Then I began to read one. Never have I been as thrilled over any magazine as over the October issue. It had everything. I found three marvelous sermon illustrations for my sermon this Sabbath. What a magazine it is! . . . May God bless you in your splendid work.

Boys Needed for Ministry

ROBERT B. MOORE, JR. *Alzheimer, Ark.*
I am told that there is actually a 25 per cent shortage of Methodist ministers and this figure is growing.

TOGETHER, with its pictures, its editorial policies, the way in which you present an idea—all these things lead me to believe that you can call young men to the ministry of The Methodist Church.

TOGETHER has already worked miracles as far as my charge is concerned. We use the All-Family Plan, and I know that many people here read TOGETHER who seldom hear my sermons.

'Full of Inspiration'

SAMUEL E. BOYS, *Plymouth, Ind.*
I write to congratulate you on the splendid magazine you are publishing for The Methodist Church. TOGETHER is so full of interest and inspiration and valuable information that I like it very much.

Your May number had two important articles. One of them, *Circuit Rider of the Centuries* [May, page 12], was on John Wesley and his work. I have been a lifelong Methodist and have heard a lot about Wesley, but never got clearly in mind just what he did and his wide influence on England and the world until this article.

The second article of special interest to me was *Peephole in the Bamboo Curtain* [May, page 34], the story of what The Methodist Church is doing in Hong Kong for the Chinese refugees from the mainland. Never before had I got any information that our church was doing such splendid Christian work as this.

Again, congratulations.

Thanks, Alan Beck!

MRS. VIRGIL YATES, *Cecilia, Ky.*
I have just read the two articles that Alan Beck wrote, *What Is a Girl?* and *What Is a Boy?* [May, page 22]. I have never read an article in any magazine so true. It is a wonderful article for mothers to read. I know I have accomplished a lot by reading it. . . .

Dali 'Not Sacrilegious'

EARL W. SAUNDERS, *Berkeley, Calif.*
In the May issue, I noticed letters both approving and disapproving your reproducing Dali's *Crucifixion*. May I now come to your defense? Certainly the work would be controversial in any publication. However, this does not warrant the attitude that it is not art. The question to be asked is, "Is it good or poor art?" Even then, the answer

must be made in relation to the thought world of the artist.

Dali's work is not sacrilegious and does not "desecrate" our Lord. It was executed by a man who is sincere and genuine in his adoration of God. He has painted a moving piece of work that cannot help but create a sense of awe within the beholder. . . .

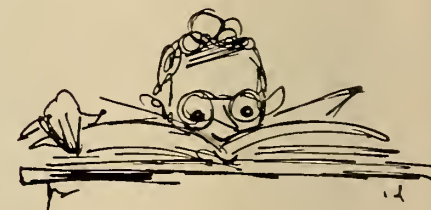
Congratulations for a steady growth in your journalistic efforts. . . .

Bouquet for Barnabas

MRS. MARGARET TREDWAY, *Modesto, Calif.*
I hope you will continue your fine book section [by Barnabas]. Since your first issue I have enjoyed all reviews. I am chief order librarian in a county public library so I always read reviews from many sources. I agree with Bishop Kennedy that he need not be limited to calling our attention only to books with a religious theme.

Conversational Knowledge, at Least

MRS. O. W. HARRIS, *Jefferson, Iowa.*
I wish to express my appreciation for *Looks at New Books*. It not only is a



BARNABAS—AS ONE ARTIST SEES HIM.

generous section, but the slightly opinionated slant of the reviews adds to its value.

I am sure that there are many people away from bookstores, who will appreciate knowing about new books. . . .

'Or My Cookbook . . .'

MRS. R. H. COOK, *Napa, Calif.*
I am 83. I have been a Methodist since 1910 . . . I never want to be without my church magazine. I need it far more than I need my garden magazine or my cookbook, and I think I need those also. Our TOGETHER is without doubt the most attractive church magazine I have ever seen.

A Matter of Conscience

MRS. R. H. BRINKS, *Peace Committee, Trinity Methodist Church, San Francisco, Calif.*
Our Peace Committee and others interested have read the article, *Mother, Will I Have to Go to War?* [May, page 11]. The ideas are excellent; it was well and thoughtfully written. However, one is disappointed not to find a more definite conclusion. Why shouldn't this mother answer, "No"? . . .

In the social creed of The Methodist Church under sections (Continued on pg. 61)

Together / NEWSLETTER

METHODIST IS DEFENSE HEAD. Leo A. Hoegh, the new Civil Defense Administrator, is a Hawkeye Methodist and ex-governor of Iowa. As the attorney general he battled hard to enforce Iowa's law banning sale of liquor by the glass.

EVERYBODY CHURCHED IN TEXAS? The Texas Evangelism Crusade in 1958 will be one of the biggest regional projects in Methodism. The goal: to reach every inactive Methodist and every unchurched person in the state. Six annual conferences in two episcopal areas have voted support. The steering committee recently tapped the Rev. Quay Farmer, Fort Worth evangelist, to lead the crusade.

VOLUNTARY-INTEGRATION PLAN GAINS. Forty-four annual conferences now are on record backing a Methodist constitutional amendment to set up speedier machinery to integrate churches. Two conferences oppose the amendment, and 29 have not reported their official positions.

4,000 METHODIST MEN MEET. Packing Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., laymen from 48 states and all annual conferences met to spark new progress for the church. They want more spiritual depth to club programs and activities—not just meetings. Some opportunities they urged: win more men for Christ, launch more clubs (Methodist Men have 11,000 clubs now), support student scholarships, start new churches, supply lay speakers for hundreds of vacant Methodist pulpits. One discussion group urged a national movement to return to midweek prayer services.

METHODIST STUDENT GIVING IS UP for missions and benevolences—jumped 14 per cent last year—almost matching the 16.5 per cent increase for The Methodist Church as a whole. The \$40,838 total was eight times the amount given in 1943-44, first year of the Methodist Student Fellowship Fund.

225 METHODIST-YOUTH LEADERS, drawn from 1.5 million high-school and college-age Methodists, are meeting in Denver, Aug. 17-23, to elect officers and map new national programs. This will be the 17th annual session of the National Conference of Methodist Youth.

PROBE LIQUOR ON AIRLINES. The Methodist Board of Temperance wants Congress to investigate the problem. Major commercial airlines adopted a voluntary code in 1956 limiting passengers to two drinks, but the Board charges the code is being ignored. The Board also wants public hearings on current pending legislation that would ban alcoholic beverages in air travel.

CHURCHMEN ASK H-BOMB BAN. Methodist signers of a telegram to President Eisenhower urging a ban on nuclear-weapons testing include Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington; Bishop Charles W. Brashares, Chicago, and Dr. Henry Hitt Crane, Detroit.

(For more church news see page 67)



RAISE MONEY

for your church

this easy and dignified way—

Keepsake Plates
picture your church—
ideal group project

Every member and friend of your church will thank you for the chance to buy these lovely spiritual mementoes. Fine glazed porcelain plates are decorated in 23 Kt. Gold—your choice of border designs. An artist's drawing of your church is fired on plates under intense heat and will never come off.

Your group will enjoy sponsoring this easy fund-raising project that puts a reminder of the church in every home.

See for yourself why Keepsake Plates are so popular. Write for wholesale price list, full-color catalog and samples of plates we have made for other churches.

If you order before September 30, we will guarantee shipment in time for Christmas sales and you will not be billed until January 1, 1958.

 **WORLD WIDE**
Art Studios

P. O. Box 958
Covington, Tennessee

QUICKLY FOLD
OR UNFOLD
FOR
CHANGING
ROOM USES

Mitchell
FOLD-O-LEG
Tables



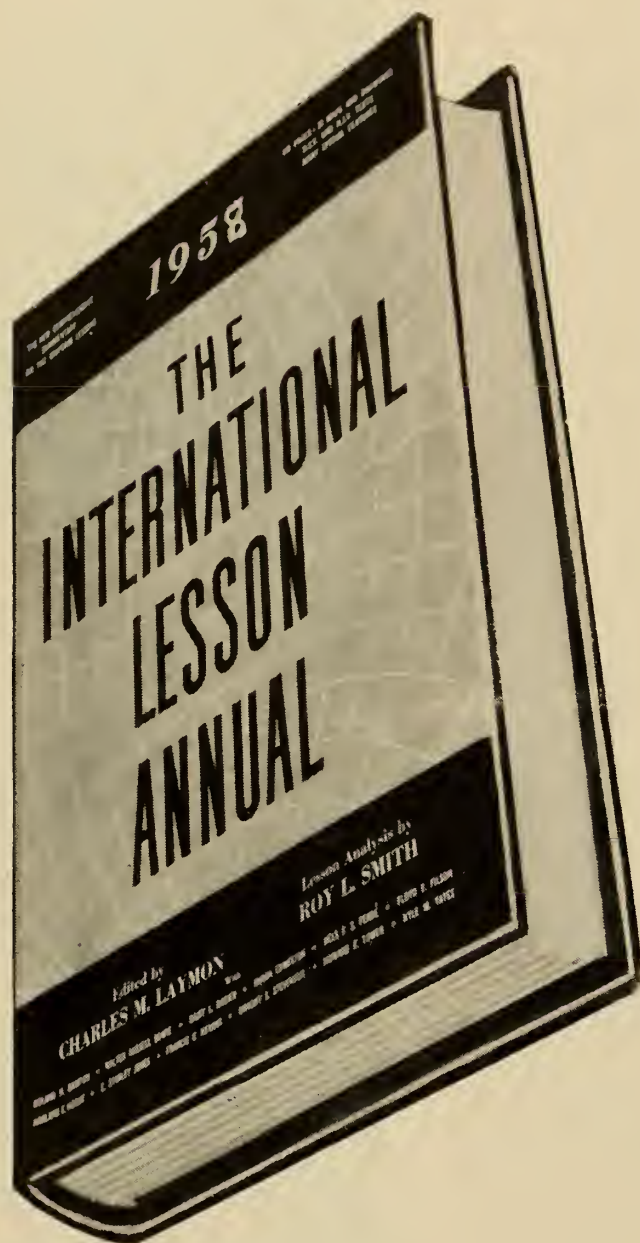
MAXIMUM
SEATING
MINIMUM
STORAGE

TOPS OF
MASONITE
PRESSEDWOOD • FIR
& BIRCH PLYWOOD •
LINOLEUM • PLASTICS
**STRONG, RIGID
TUBULAR
STEEL LEGS**

Send for folder with complete specifications.
MITCHELL MANUFACTURING CO.
2748 S. 34th St., Milwaukee 46, Wis., Dept. C

Order early

—Have more time for study, for the extra reading you want . . .



The International Lesson Annual for 1958

Order your copy of The International Lesson Annual, 1958, now—and have plenty of time for advance study. The International Lesson Annual, 1958, is the new commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons. Edited by Charles M. Laymon with lesson analysis by Roy L. Smith, it provides specific teaching helps for every lesson in 1958. This new comprehensive commentary offers the teacher with much training, the teacher with little training, the individual adult, these helps: complete lesson texts in both the King James and the Revised Standard Versions, explanations of Bible text by renowned scholars, application of text to life by Roy L. Smith, step-by-step teaching suggestions, plus unit organization, annotated daily Bible readings, articles on special days, suggested audio-visual resources, maps and line drawings. The 1958 International Lesson Annual provides the latest and most reliable information and materials needed for superior understanding of the International Sunday School Lessons. This volume will stimulate your study by its outstanding interpretation and scholarship.

(AP) postpaid, \$2.95

The Methodist Publishing House



Shop at our **COKEBURY BOOK STORES** in these cities:
Atlanta, 72 Broad St., N. W. • Boston, 577 Boylston St.
Los Angeles, 5244 Santa Monica Blvd.

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY

Order from **THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE** serving you

Baltimore 3 • Chicago 11 • Cincinnati 2 • Dallas 1
Detroit 1 • Kansas City 6 • Nashville 2 • New York 11
Pittsburgh 30 • Portland 5 • Richmond 16 • San Francisco 2

Please send me, postpaid, _____ copies of *The International Lesson Annual, 1958*.

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Charge to my account

SEND TO _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Add state sales tax if necessary—none on Interstate orders

My Religion of Laughter

By MINNIE PEARL

Comedienne of Grand Ole Opry

ONCE, when I was studying dramatics, I hoped my name would soon be in lights on Broadway, that my picture would grace the covers of the national magazines, and critics would hail Sarah Ophelia Colley as one of the great dramatic discoveries of all time. I would be a serious artist with the acting skill of a Helen Hayes.

Well, that didn't exactly happen. The legitimate theater got Helen Hayes and a radio-TV show called Grand Ole Opry got a lovelorn, giggling country girl named Minnie Pearl. I can't say I have any regrets. I think that is the way the Lord planned it for me—and I think he wanted me to learn there is real religion in laughter.

After all, it is as a beloved teacher once told me when I was a student at Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn.: "Never forget you are the reed through which the Master blows his music."

Yes, I believe there is religion in laughter. There is therapy for the soul in laughter. Religion is many things—including laughter and joy. The face of the truly religious person should be a smiling and radiant face.

I've learned that laughter is a kind of religion because people are happy when they laugh. When Job was so disconsolate, and for good reason, God promised he would "yet fill your mouth with laughter and your lips with shouting." Long ago I began to wonder if I could pass on to the world some of the joy I experienced in my own religion, and in so doing ease some of the burdens of others.

Those of us who have a strong religious background from childhood should be thankful. As a child, I went to a little country church, stood beside a potbellied stove, and sang such songs as *Follow the Gleam* and *Where He Leads Me I*



Off stage, she's Mrs. Henry Cannon and a member of West End Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn.

Will Follow. We didn't have baby sitters in those days, so mother took all her children to church from babyhood on. I have found that early training in childhood will eventually lead one back to reverence, even though he may have strayed for a while. But sometimes I think that the Lord must get mighty put out with us for taking for granted he will always be there waiting for us when we do return.

Being a radio-TV comedienne isn't always joy and sunshine. Sometimes it is hard work. Most members of our show travel thousands of miles each week. Sometimes there are two or three shows a day and long hours without sleep. Yet my life has had great rewards. Recently a woman approached me after one of my acts. From her plain dress and worn hands, I could tell that her life hadn't been easy.

As she approached, a smile erased the worry wrinkles from around her eyes. "This is the first time I've had a chance to thank you," she told me. "I've listened to you each Saturday night for years. Always, it seems, I'm worn out from work when I sit down by the radio. But when you come on I laugh and the tiredness goes away and I am happy for a little while."

I turned away, feeling a warm glow of pride, yet more humble than ever, more grateful that God has given me my religion of laughter. I am thankful that it has been possible for me to use whatever talent he gave me to remove the lines of care from one woman's face, even for a little while.

Why Did I Survive the Atom Bomb?

By MARTIN KAWANO

DAY BROKE in the basement of the hospital's ophthalmological department where I had stayed overnight in case of an air-raid alarm. The night had passed quietly, however, and now I stretched my arms to dispel the nightmare of a disaster which had haunted my dreams throughout the long, tense night. It was August 9, 1945, a beautiful morning in Nagasaki. The sky was neither too cloudy nor too clear. A line of slowly moving clouds shaded the morning sun, as if trying to protect weary medical students from the heat of another day.

"How about coming to our house for breakfast before the next air-raid alarm comes?" asked Mochizuki, my pal, coming out of the dark hospital basement to the outdoors.

"That's a good idea. I haven't seen your wife for more than a week. How is she?"

"She's just fine. I know she'll be happy to see you."

Mochizuki and I walked together to his house on a hill only five minutes from the medical school. At the door, Michiko greeted us with a smile. Her round face and trim figure made her look young, but she was older than Mochizuki. She was happy and she showed it.

It was unusual to see such happiness in this last, desperate stage of the war, with fading glory and ever-increasing fear of invasion around us. Manila had been recaptured by MacArthur, Iwo Jima had been lost with thousands of brave soldiers. So had Okinawa, though no details had been published. It was no secret that Japan had lost her navy and nearly all her planes. We had often seen the B-29s flying in formation above our city, but never a Japanese plane chasing them. And only three days

earlier we heard a rumor, probably true, of a formidable weapon destroying the whole city of Hiroshima, with her thousands of citizens. Nobody could deny the approach of the worst; invasion, destruction of our islands, death. However, people did not worry about their death as much as about the hunger they knew that they would suffer before they died.

But on Michiko's face and in her eyes that morning there was nothing related to war, hatred, or despair. She was too happy to worry about the dark future. She had been married only two months to her long-loved sweetheart. She was too much in love to let her heart be filled with hatred. They were a happy couple, like two sparrows protecting each other with their wings of love against the storms raging outside their nest.

I started breakfast with them, but we were interrupted by the gloomy sound of the warning alarm. We hurriedly returned to our post in the university hospital, anticipating the routine alarm. But this time no alarm followed the first warning. Medical students were sent back to their classes and we undergraduates to the outpatient clinic.

Some time later I checked my watch. It was 11 A.M. I walked into the examination room without dreaming that already the second atomic bomb used in war had left the B-29 at that moment droning high above our city.

I had stood only briefly behind Professor Koyano, watching his examination of a patient, when the whole room was illuminated by a radiant light like a magnesium flash. Two seconds later there came a heavy blow and blindness.

I was tossed and knocked down

by a gigantic force from behind. I heard no sound; probably my ears were deafened by the shock. I tried to see around me but could see nothing. The room was filled with dark, hot air. I tried to breathe, but the fume-filled air choked me. The odor of the sulphur was unbearable.

Feeling that I was dying, I managed to kneel and ask the Lord to accept my soul. I felt nothing of fear, worry, or despair. I simply thanked God for letting me live a blessed life since I first knew him nearly 15 years earlier.

What blessed opportunities he had given me in my new life. First he had led me to the theological seminary. Then he sent me to serve in the army for three years at a sub-zero Manchurian barrack, where he established my faith in austerity and loneliness. He kept me out of prison when I confessed to army officers that I could not fire at any human being against the orders of the supreme commander of the universe. Then he sent me to medical school. But, best of all, he provided me with a preaching job at a pastorless church, giving me a chance to testify to the word of God in this war-stricken, military-controlled land now on the brink of defeat.

What an honor it was to give testimony before the small, ardent congregation and the cold-eyed secret police who suspected me of being an American spy. Had I not prophesied last Sunday that the result of sin is death and the harvest of injustice is ruin? That "there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down"?

Now it had come to this country, to this town, and to me. There was no doubt in my mind, however, that God would forgive my sins in Christ's name, because of my faith

in his love as shown in the Savior's suffering, death, and resurrection. "Lord," I prayed, "take me in thy hand and forgive my trespasses. I leave all, myself and mine as well, in thy loving hand."

I could hold my breath no longer. I had no choice but to let the burning air fill my lungs and give me permanent peace.

No sooner had I inhaled a small amount of dark smoke, though, than I saw a dim light coming from the place where a window had been. Instantly I dashed for it.

I jumped 15 feet out the window to earth, unhurt. Then I could breathe again. But it was not daylight where I landed. It was strange dusk, a sinister, gray-brownish-yellow of another world. And the wind! A hurling wind, carrying papers, leaves, dust, hurriedly and timidly as if they were all dancing to heaven hand in hand. The air had the same burning smell of

sulphuric nitrogen as before. Everything was in flames except the hospital which I had just come out of and the narrow strip of earth on which I stood.

Seeing the ocean of flame on my left, I followed a narrow path covered with scorched branches and uprooted trunks. A distant roar was coming from the sea of fire—tens of thousands of screaming voices. But around me there was a strange quietness. Under the deep shadow of death, under the poisonous cloud of radiation particles, were ghostly figures walking along the rim of the human inferno. Their eyes stared blankly, their faces were covered with soot, their exposed body surfaces were bleeding. They wore only torn patches of scorched, blood-smeared clothes. Just then I felt a burning pain at the back of my head. I, too, was wounded, bleeding. I wrapped my head with a torn piece of my gown.

No one around me uttered a word. It was a scene of ghosts, moving in silence on a desert of destruction and fire. Then I heard one of the ghosts murmur, "What has happened?" as he saw the unbelievable metamorphosis of the once-beautiful dream town of Madam Butterfly!

I heard him without surprise. Only a few days before I had read to my congregation these passages:

"Then shall there be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world. . . the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. . ."

I took the path to the mountain because all other paths led to the fire. I picked up a dying nurse on my way and carried her until two other students took her to a safer place. I soon lost sight of them and

*The mountain road was hard to climb
with two children in my arms. And even on the
easier paths smoke and hot air chased us.*



have never heard about her since. I will never forget her hair scorched to the roots, her body burned and bleeding.

I also remember the last desperate cry of a mother, crushed under a house, asking me to save her boy who was sobbing near the ruin. I took him in my arms before the fire caught them. A lost boy whose skull was broken joined my party later. I watched a pillar of fire in the direction of the medical buildings, knowing from the screams that junior medical students were burning alive in the flaming old wooden buildings.

A steady question haunted me all through my journey to survival: Why was I still alive? Why was I spared while thousands of others were dying, including my friend's wife, Michiko, my classmates, and thousands of others?

The mountain road was hard to climb with two children in my arms. And even on the easier paths the smoke and hot air chased us. I was nearly exhausted when I reached a Catholic hospital in the suburbs. A Japanese doctor I knew and two nurses welcomed me and I joined them in the attempt to give the burned and wounded as much help as our scanty medical supplies would permit. Little did we know that many of our patients were to die of uncontrollable organic hemorrhage caused by radiation.

Late that night, lying on the grass among the sick and wounded, I was meditating on the meaning of this catastrophic day. One of the boys I had carried was asleep at my side. The smaller one had died shortly after we arrived. The fire of his cremation had just burned down, leaving cinders smoking in a dark corner.

The clamor and roar of the destroyed city had also died. I raised my head and watched the still-burning city. There was no sign of survival. In the distance, another wall of Urakami Cathedral fell, sprinkling bright streams of colored light like fireworks.

"Isn't that beautiful?" the voice of a nurse asked.

"Yes," I replied, "as pretty as Nero's fire in Rome."

I was not thinking about Nero's

fire, however, but about the Psalm I read the day before, when a widow of a minister came to me asking whether she should stay in this city with her two children. I had told her she should stay no longer in Nagasaki. She had promised to leave the next day before noon, but I insisted on her leaving immediately on the last train of the day. Before praying together I read for her the first seven verses of Psalm 91:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

The last verse echoed inside me: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." It was not accident or by any human wisdom that they had left the city the night before instead of this morning. It was by the guiding hand of the Almighty. The same loving hand led me to survive the day. It is by providence that I live now, by his will.

I don't know the future. But I know the same providence will lead me and make my life give glory to him. And I know that "all things work together for good to them that love God." But I did not love him first. It was he who loved me and sought me and saved my soul.

AT NAGASAKI HE LOST ALL—BUT HIS FAITH!



Dr. Martin Kawano is best described as "a working Christian." Out of the horrors of the A-bomb raid on Nagasaki and the despair of his homeland's surrender, he has emerged with a rock-

like faith—and a determination to use it to serve his countrymen. Professionally, Dr. Kawano now is an instructor of surgery at Nagasaki University School of Medicine. Outside, he is one of Japan's most active Christian laymen.

With his Christian wife, Miwa, he conducts services in his home each Sunday. On alternate Sunday afternoons, he invites his congregation to dinner—or, as he describes it, "to what would be called an agape (or common meal) in the early Christian status." He adds: "One wife confessed it was the first time in the whole year that she was invited with her husband to any dinner. The non-Christian husband seemed to enjoy the evening no less than his wife. Joy of the Christian fellowship is the surest way to bring people from the sake and geisha girl-saturated banquet to the sound and blissful home table."

With all this, this busy surgeon still is finding time to publish a religious magazine, *The Tablet*, each month. Now in its fourth year of publication, the magazine is distrib-

uted to hospital patients and worshipers in the doctor's home. Its goal: "To explain what His love, faith in Him, and consequent good will and fellowship mean in our troubled world and daily life, especially in the way most touching and appealing to the Japanese heart."

Still another Christian labor to which he is devoting his time and talent is a translation of the Bible into Japanese—a project which friends say "takes up many hours." It is Dr. Kawano's conviction that bringing the Word of God to his countrymen in an easily read translation will do much to promote the causes both of Christianity and democracy in a land once dominated by a ruthless military clique.

Dr. Kawano's faith was forged in the fires of war—in the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and the devastation of World War II. In the atom-bomb attack of which he writes, 73,884 men, women, and children out of the 252,630 then living in Nagasaki were killed. Thousands of others were injured; a square mile in the heart of the city was flattened, scores of nearby blocks gutted by fire. Among many Japanese, hatred for those who had dropped the bomb flourished.

But not in the heart of Dr. Kawano. To him the meaning was clear. Where thousands had died, he had lived. His life must have been spared for a purpose. He is finding that purpose now in working, as a surgical instructor, to heal men's bodies—and as "a working Christian" to heal their souls.



"With team sports . . . nothing counts but victories, no matter how achieved."

Can Coaches Be Christian?

By JAMES W. CARTY, JR.

Religious News Editor, *The Nashville Tennessean*

THE FOOTBALL TEAM, rated by most sports writers as being in the nation's top five, was behind in the crucial game. A bid to a post-season bowl game hinged on the outcome. Sluggish and overanxious, the players couldn't move the ball against the opposition. They punted.

As the opposing quarterback caught the ball, the coach of the trailing team yelled out at the top of his voice, "Kill the —!"

The crowd's roar drowned out his voice so most people didn't hear him. But a newspaper photographer crouched near the coach heard it—and was shocked. A devout churchgoer, the cameraman had covered sports contests for six years and knew that many coaches will use any measure, however unethical, to win. But this coach was supposed to stand above most others as an outstandingly devout man and a gentleman.

Reporting the incident at his office, the photographer commented, "I

have seen hundreds of athletes of all types. Some were fair church members. But I've never seen one who was an outstanding Christian. In games, sportsmen divorce their conduct from their religious principles, as far as I can see."

My own experiences confirm his observations. This dark stain in our sports fabric is probably easiest to observe in football, both college and professional, but it has spread equally to other sports.

With team sports such as football, one big trouble lies in the terrific pressure for a "win streak" brought on the coach by alumni. The coach, in turn, applies pressure to the players. Nothing counts but victories, no matter how achieved. The philosophy is, "They don't pay off on a loser"—and if the coach wants to keep his job, or move up to a higher paying one, he'd better win—no matter how.

I have searched long, diligently—

and in vain—to find more than one individual who is outstanding both as an athlete and layman. Each year, the newspaper on which I work publishes a pre-Easter series about the faith of laymen. I have directed the last few series and have made hundreds of telephone calls to ministers and laymen to inquire about good prospects. The background of each individual is thoroughly checked so that those selected will be representative of the best.

Nashville, Tenn., where I work, probably has about the largest percentage of church members and churchgoers of any metropolitan city in America. Too, the state has more than its share of noted athletes. The University of Tennessee for one, vies with Notre Dame and the University of Oklahoma in having victorious football teams. Other schools, in and near the city, have their quotas of topflight athletes. But try as hard as I can to find such a person to be in-

cluded in our series, I have only turned up one layman who is outstanding in both areas, religion and sports—Bill Wade, pro football player for the Los Angeles Rams and a member of First Presbyterian Church, Nashville.

Out of several coaches investigated, we once decided on one who was regular in attendance at church and could articulate his faith, even though he took no leading role as a Sunday-school teacher or in any other layman's job.

But when asked to represent his church in the series, he declined. He told us frankly, "I do not carry over my religion into my coaching. The pressure from alumni for victories is so great that it is impossible for me to relate the two.

"I acknowledge to myself that I am making no attempt to be Christian in operating my team. This keeps me from being tortured by mental conflicts."

Other queries were made of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergymen. The person for our series could have been an outstanding athlete in decades past, so long as he is a genuine religious leader in the present. But even that combination I did not find.

I'll keep looking. But meanwhile the church needs a concerted Christian mission to athletes. For athletes are highly regarded in our culture. They sign the advertising endorsements which influence people to buy clothes, cigarettes, or whisky. They should be motivating people to attend church.

Every Sunday I visit a different congregation for a regular Monday feature, "A Reporter Goes to Church." Quite often I also visit Sunday school. Generally, when teachers are poorly prepared they fall back on talking about sports to their classes.

"After all," they contend, "when you get right down to it, being religious is just being a good sport."

Actually, they are equating Christianity and sports. The result is that religion is downgraded and pagan concepts are upgraded into the realm of the holy.

For what is being a good sport in American culture? From talks with sports writers who have covered

thousands of amateur and professional games, I have learned that to be a good sport in the concept of athletes and coaches one must:

1. Win at any cost.
2. Cheat if necessary—but don't get caught.
3. Feel that victory, not having fun, is important.

I remember a professional football game which seemed headed for an upset. If the underdog won, the team would clinch the divisional title and have a shot at the championship. But the underdogs' quarterback was thrown out of the game for fighting. Without his leadership, the team lost.

A TV commentator—a former athlete revered by millions—said, "That's the type spirit I like to see." In other words, in his view the quarterback did right in losing his temper and fighting—and thus losing the game for his team.

Alumni, as we have seen, are one source of trouble. But they are not alone. Too many men and women—spectators, but not necessarily alumni—are concerned about only one thing—seeing their team win. They boo the decisions of umpires who are trying to keep the game moving according to the rules. Some even throw bottles and shout profanity.

Under such conditions, what can

the Christian do to change the scale of values so that sportsmanship becomes Christian rather than pagan?

He can offer to be a team chaplain and conduct services for weekday events. Pastors should see that Sunday-school teachers have a more profound concept of Christianity and are prepared to teach every lesson. Teacher institutes should stress these twin factors.

At colleges and universities, chaplains ought to call on coaches and players to transform their lives. They should challenge them to become "Christian sports." Further, these clergymen must persuade alumni to ease off on this pressure for victory streaks and place the pressure where it belongs—on fun and "re-creation."

It is up to our churches at the very least to insist that church-league players observe their religious principles in competitive contests. Too often pastors ignore bad conduct in religious-league games.

The challenging need is not for sermons. It's for personal evangelism in door-to-door calling on athletes to show them the need for a quality lacking on too many playing fields today—Christian sportsmanship. Until this is done, our games are going to be pagan festivals, not Christian contests.



MIDMONTH POWWOW

Can coaches be Christian? Read Alonzo Stagg's engrossing story on the next page. Written without knowledge of Carty's article, this veteran coach's review of 70 years' Christian service presents the other side of the issue.



*My 70 years of coaching
proves that football can*

BRING THE BEST OUT OF BOYS!

Says Amos Alonzo Stagg
(As told to Arthur Farey)

WHEN THE thump of the pig-skin is heard this fall, God willing, I will have passed my 95th birthday, and whether or not I am out teaching the boys to kick or pass, my zest for football will be just as strong as it was over 70 years ago when I started my career as a player and, later, as coach.

People ask me why a man born during the Civil War has kept on working with young men a quarter of a century after most coaches retire.

I have stayed around in football because of a promise I made to God.

When I was a young fellow back in New Jersey, I planned to become a minister. I attended Yale Theological School to prepare myself for a pulpit. But I never was much of a public speaker. I don't think I would have made a very good preacher. One day I got down on my knees and asked God how I could be of real Christian service. That was when I decided to trade the pulpit for the athletic field.

Since then I have made the young men of America my ministry. I have tried to bring out the best in the boys I have coached. I'm sure many of them have become better Christians and citizens because of what they learned on the gridiron.

Making a ministry of athletics doesn't mean I've preached to my boys in the strict sense of the word. But I have never failed to seize an opportunity to lay down principles that are just as important in the Christian life as they are in football. Since I joined the church on May 23, 1877, over 80 years ago, I have tried to live a Christian life.

Of course, I've exerted every honest effort to win! Any coach hates to lose. Winning is important. But the *most* important thing is playing the game—that and what one learns while playing it.

True, many coaches face a sharp barrage from Monday-morning quarterbacks who fume when a game is lost. Unthinking fans, alumni, even



sports writers may take up the hue and cry for the coach's scalp if wins are few and losses are many.

Coaches worth their salt must resist such pressures. They must keep their eye on their ball, remembering that their real job is to develop healthy bodies and to condition minds to work with others in a good cause. Coaches who do that are likely to win a few games, too.

Being human, coaches welcome a friendly word, too. If you know one

vania for six years. I've been at Stockton Junior College in California four years, helping a fine young coach named Don Hall teach the game's fundamentals.

During these long years, I have learned one thing. Football is like life—and life is a matter of being willing to try a comeback after defeat.

The man or woman who will face up to life as one of my boys did back in 1900 can win the game. He was

for cheating and other forms of dishonesty. One such player, declared ineligible because of a dishonest act, came to me brokenhearted.

"My boy," I said, "you just thank God today that you have been found out here on the campus. If you had gone out into the world with your crooked ideas of what is right and wrong in reference to honesty, God help you—because you would surely have been found out."

I have dropped some of my best players for failure to observe training rules. But I have never used profanity in driving men. Neither have I used soft words. Once I told a player:

"You are a self-satisfied, opinionated young jackass who is bigger than the team, the coach, and the school together. Go take a look at yourself—and come back when you see what I see."

Yet, I loved that boy. To get the best out of boys you must love them. Good coaches must be concerned in every way with helping the boy. I have worked with boys whom I haven't admired—but I have loved them just the same. Love has dominated my coaching career.

As I look back, I am sure some such motive must have dominated the careers of so many of the great coaches I have known.

How did I get into coaching? I was 28 when I accepted the post at the University of Chicago. My life hadn't been easy. Mine was a poor family. I had worked to get an education, attending high school and Phillips Exeter Academy before entering Yale. There I played baseball—my first sports love. I pitched for five years and Yale won five championships.

My decision to side-step the pulpit for the athletic field followed a single year spent in the Yale Divinity school entirely devoted to the study of Hebrew and philosophy. The conviction grew on me also that I would never be able to talk easily on my feet.

So when in 1890 my professor of Hebrew, William Rainey Harper, newly elected president of the University of Chicago, urged me to become director of athletics, I wrote him: "After much thought and prayer, I feel decided that my life can



Stagg and some of his "boys"—Stockton Junior College men and Earl Klapstein, then the head coach. Klapstein played for Stagg at the College of the Pacific.

who puts boys above wins, back him up! When his team drops a game, write him a "We're with you!" note. Chances are he is hearing only from the "Win or else!" crowd.

I believe in amateur athletics. I believe in playing the game for the game's sake. And I believe profoundly that if such ideas disappear from our playing fields, America will have lost something precious.

I took such ideas with me when I went to the University of Chicago in 1892 after spending two years at the Springfield YMCA training school as student and coach. My term of service at the University of Chicago lasted 41 years. At 71 I went to the College of the Pacific, a Methodist-related school, where I coached 14 more years. Then I moved on to Susquehanna University in Pennsyl-

a 149-pound guard named Bodwell. It happened just before our game against powerful Michigan.

"Boys," I said, "Michigan has a big guard named Kelly. He weighs 220 pounds and he's a terror. He's licked the stuffing out of everyone who has come up against him. Now, who wants to play against Kelly?"

"I do," said the 149-pounder.

"Then you're the man, Bodwell."

Bodwell played against Kelly—played him to a finish. Chicago won, 15-6.

To get the best out of boys, you must challenge them to courage as Bodwell was challenged. You must challenge them to honest discipline. I have severely disciplined young men because of their failure to do their duty and to measure up to their possibilities. I have disciplined them

best be used for my Master's service in the position you have offered."

Coaching, I later wrote my family, "will give me such a fine chance to do Christian work among boys who are sure to have the most influence among other members of the student body. Win the athletes of any college for Christ, and you will have the strongest working element in college life."

This I believe today. That's why I urge everyone who is lucky enough to have a coach dedicated to youth in his area to support him. Not only will this help him produce stars that work together as a team, but it will help him produce good citizens. He is constantly drilling his men in fundamentals. He is laying down good foundations for the time they are needed most. It is essential to get the fundamentals to become a good football player, just as it is essential for the boy and girl to get the fundamentals of Christian living.

Times have changed since I took my first coaching job but the fundamental truths remain. It still pays to play the game, whether football or life itself, by the rules. There are no better rules for living than those in the Bible.

A few years ago one of my old baseball players recalled how he had cut third base to make the winning run. He also recalled what I said:

"Do you know there are rules governing the game of baseball and we intend to play by the rules? The next time that I know of your cutting the bases, you turn in your suit!"

Then he went on to say: "I have been tempted now and then, but every time I have been tempted to do something that was not just right, I have thought of what you said about the rules and playing them."

Such are the rewards of a long coaching career. My home life has been rewarding, too. All our children have grown up to be active in church work. I started as a Presbyterian, but my wife, Stella, and I now belong to the Central Methodist Church in Stockton. She has been at my side through it all. Without her, I doubt if I would have been privileged to work with boys for so long.

I hope to continue my ministry to boys. You see, I'm simply keeping my promise to God.

95--And Still Under His Own Power!



Not so long ago a manufacturing firm notified Amos Alonzo Stagg that he was to receive a power lawn mower with its compliments. "Please don't send it," the grand old man of football wired back, commenting later: "Mowing the lawn under my own power helps keep me in condition."

Despite the protest, the mower arrived. It stood uncared for in a corner of the Stagg living room until it could be returned to the manufacturer.

So, at 95, Alonzo Stagg goes ahead under his own power, staying in condition, seemingly indestructible, the living legend of a man seven years older than the game of intercollegiate football itself. For years people have been asking him how he maintains his remarkable physical vitality and

mental alertness—a vitality and alertness superior to that of men half his age.

"He never broke training," one friend explained recently.

Stagg's life has been one of regularity, exercise, and enthusiasm for sports since youth. His diet is without frills or fancy trimmings, he explains. "Just plain, wholesome, everyday food," mixed with a fondness for figs which are plentiful around the home. About his only indulgence is from the bowl of hard candy Mrs. Stagg keeps on the table at all times. A rigid disciplinarian, he neither smokes nor drinks. His strict program of training has left its mark on many a young athlete.

The veteran coach tells about one of his former players he saw standing on a corner several years after leaving school.

"He had just lighted a cigar when he caught sight of me," Stagg says. "I glanced away intentionally, but out of the corner of one eye I saw him drop the cigar quickly and step on it. Then I laughed at him."

His honesty and integrity, his unswerving determination to play the game by the rules, became legendary half a century ago. For example: on many occasions friendly spies have sent him full sets of signals used by opposing teams. In each case Stagg has torn them up, unread.

His lifetime coaching record is an enviable one, particularly his score of 273 games won against 142 lost and 29 tied during his 41 years at the University of Chicago. At the College of the Pacific, where he coached during his 70s, he sent his small college team to victory against some of the best teams in the nation.

Admirers say Stagg's greatest contribution to football was himself. But he pioneered many innovations to improve equipment and prevent injuries. He was father of the so-called Notre Dame shift and the flanker. He was a member of the original NCAA Football Rules Committee and holds a life membership in that body.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg live in Stockton, Calif., in a house they rented 25 years ago. They have no TV, although an anonymous well-wisher once sent them a set. It was never connected and at last report Stagg was still trying to find out who sent it—so it could be returned.

Probably no coach has ever received so many honors. Tributes, plaques, and souvenirs fill the house. One of his most prized possessions is a New Testament presented last year by the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. It was inscribed, "To Amos Alonzo Stagg in recognition of a Christian ministry in the world of sports."

Another tribute is inscribed on a large bronze plaque which has a place of honor in the house. It commemorates "fifty years of service to the game of American Football. To the development of the American young man, to the advancement of the profession of football coaching. In sports he found his active sphere; but his inspiring influence has carried far beyond the realm of sports. Not only our game but our colleges and our country have profited through the manly example he has set throughout the years. With pride, we, the football coaches of America, number him as one of us for all time."

*Men and women you'd like to know
make up The Methodist Church. Here
are four you'll want to meet.*

Unusual



AT GRAND CANYON. Thanks to C. M. Goethe (below), tourists learn the answers to its many mysteries.

NUMBER ONE NATURALIST. All summer long, this year as every year, millions of Americans are enjoying the popular nature-study programs in our national parks. The Methodist who, back in the early 1900s, sparked the original drive for this project—and who contributed liberally to make it possible—is an unassuming California banker-philanthropist, C. M. Goethe. In turn, he credits the idea to the Methodist Sunday-school training of his late wife, Mary Glide Goethe, whose family built churches, supported missions, and reared her with a deep concern for the welfare of others. After several trips to Europe, where they studied nature programs in many countries, the Goethes launched an all-out drive for a similar project in the U.S. Now officials refer to the park-study program as “the world’s largest summer school, with a 25-million acre campus and an enrollment of 18,901,244.” Goethe, pictured at right, has been honored often by conservationists for his leadership, treasures most of all a title bestowed on him in 1948 by park officials meeting in Yosemite National Park: “Honorary Chief Naturalist.”



Methodists

SLUGGING LAYMAN. Baseball records are studded with George Clyde Kell's honors: American League batting champ, '49; baseball's top hitter, '43; on All-Star team six years—and many more. Off the diamond, this Baltimore Oriole hits just as hard for our church. A member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, he addresses students, has presented his home church with two organs, was honored guest at the '48 General Conference, gave a Methodist children's home the color TV set he was awarded for an air-wave appearance. Says a friend: "He's a great third baseman—and a greater Christian layman."



GEORGE C. KELL: Diamond records—and a mission.

OUTCAST FOR CHRIST. Back in his native India. Dr. Akbar Abdul-Haqq and his loved ones are shunned by close relatives because his father, a Muslim priest, became a Christian evangelist. As a child, Dr. Haqq learned what it means to be a follower of Christ: the only Christian in a school class of 60, he was asked repeatedly why he followed our religion—which forced him to think deeply about his faith. Joining The Methodist Church in Southern Asia in 1947, he subsequently was granted a Crusade (Methodist) Scholarship for study in the U.S., took his Ph.D. at Northwestern. Now, as president of Henry Martyn School of Islamics, he guides other young Christians as they study Moham-medanism in preparation for seeking converts from its ranks. In 1956 he accepted a bid to act as interpreter for Billy Graham when the evangelist visited India, proved so successful that he came to the U.S. as the only non-Briton, non-American on Graham's team. His aim now: to spearhead Graham-type crusades throughout Asia.



DR. H. HAQQ AND BILLY GRAHAM: Asian crusade?

HUGH BEAUMONT: *Equally at home in a pulpit or rehearsing for new TV role.*



PREACHER-PERFORMER. Flick on your TV these days and chances are you'll see Hugh Beaumont in some featured role. But this veteran of greasepaint and footlights, who's been in over 100 movies, is known equally well in the Los Angeles area as a Methodist lay preacher. He delivers frequent sermons in several churches, including Sherman Oaks, where he is a member. His wife, Kathy, with whom he is shown rehearsing as their children watch, is the daughter of one Methodist preacher, sister of another. Neighbors' view of this unusual Hollywood family: "Wonderful people."

Why are some marriages happy,
others tragic? Here a thoughtful father
gives his teen-age son an answer.

A Letter to Youth on **LOVE AND MARRIAGE**

By Leslie Keating

IF YOU COULD have watched yourself tonight, Jeff, as you roared through the house getting ready for your big date, you might understand why your mother and I chuckled when you finally slammed the door behind you. You were a storm of anxiety, and the way you raced the car out of the driveway made me cringe.

"It sure sounds like a big night," I said to Mother. "Who is it? The Dutton girl?"

"Oh, no," said Mother. "That was three months ago. This is a new one. She just transferred from North High."

"Our son must be quite a Romeo," I observed.

"Yes," Mother said, warily. "And I hope he's behaving himself."

That's what I've been thinking about for the last few hours as I tried to concentrate on the evening newspaper. I want to believe you are behaving yourself, Jeff.

You're 17 now, and next fall will mean college for you. Seventeen. That makes me a little late to discuss sex with you and maybe I'm a little early to talk about love. But there's a chance that I'm right on time for a little of both.

Let me say now, Jeff, that Mother and I may have different views on this matter of behaving yourself. If I know your mother, she'd like to keep you in the back yard until you're 23, then have you meet a nice girl, and get married, all in one day.

She thinks that's how it happened with us and I'm glad. That proves she's forgotten all the fellows she knew before me, just as she made me forget the girls I knew before her.

Actually, it didn't work that way at all. There were others, and they were important. Jeff, love isn't spontaneous combustion. It's a matter of choice, a process of elimination. All those others are like preliminaries in the contest of finding the person you want to marry.

I suspect you'll follow the same pattern until you start returning again and again to a certain one because—somehow—she's got a grip on your heart, and you don't want her to let go.

Then you'll recognize each other and it will seem that there never was anyone else. That's the idea your mother has and it's a good idea if you can keep it alive.

You may think I'm premature, Jeff, to discuss marriage even before you have known love, but I don't know how to separate the two. Marriage evolves from love and marriage can't succeed without love. The attitudes you're developing now toward the girls you know will establish the pattern of your conduct toward your wife.

Marriage brought new, vital experiences to your mother and me. Now, we want to believe that it will likewise hold the same newness for you. I'm sure you understand that. I hope you've learned how to know

when a little fun approaches a dangerous precipice.

What's the danger? Superficially, perhaps nothing. But let me put it this way, Jeff; virginity is the finest wedding gift a man and woman can give each other. The danger, then, is that a moment's enthusiasm can shatter everything we've tried to teach you at home and through the church, and it taints the heart which some splendid girl somewhere is waiting for you to offer her. That, whatever your hot-shot friends may tell you to the contrary, is a definite loss—and a sad one.

I wish I could take all the ingredients, mix them, and say: "Here, Jeff, here's happiness." But that's not the way it happens. Son. The ingredients are the same for every man and wife; it's the recipe that makes the difference. And that recipe is something each couple must work out for itself.

After having a wonderful time with your date tonight, you'll come home thinking you've just been deeded an acre of heaven. That's fine. And when you meet the girl you want to marry, you'll think God has given you the whole place, and there's no feeling in the world like that. You'll want to make that happiness a permanent part of your life.

But don't be surprised if a sudden fear almost scares you out of marriage at the last moment. Realizing you are about to make promises you must keep for the rest of your life

is enough to frighten anybody. Mother and I felt that on our wedding day. I remember she telephoned me about an hour before the ceremony.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I just wondered if you're all right."

"I'm fine," I said, worried by her tone. "Are you?"

"Yes, I'm fine," she said.

We were silent for a moment and then the horrible thought hit me. It hurt to ask, "You still want to go through with this?"

"Yes," she said, almost timidly. "Do you?"

"Sure," I said. "We'll work everything out all right."

"Of course we will," she said—but with what seemed to be more hope than confidence.

And so we met at the altar an hour later, still scared by the bigness of what we were beginning, and being afraid together only made us need each other more. Being a little afraid is good, because it makes you eager to please, and any changes that sprout from that attitude can only be improvements.

But your marriage can go the other way if you forget that the woman you marry will always remain an individual. When the two of you say, "I do," you sign an alliance, not a surrender. Like all women, Mother thinks that she and I are not two separate people, but one soul inhabiting two bodies. That's a nice thought, Jeff, but it couldn't be true for any married couple.

Nothing miraculous takes place when two people marry: a man and a woman who love each other merely announce to the world that they're going to take a chance at the tough job of living together harmoniously. They remain their separate selves, with their own whims, their own interests. The harmony results from compromising those differences. And you can't ration those compromises; out of your love you develop a sensitivity that tells you when either should step back. Whether or not you obey that sensitivity decides how well you're going to get along. When an insurmountable difference arose, Mother and I have compromised.



You're probably not aware that one of those compromises has lasted for the 20 years we've been married. I hate bridge and Mother has never been too fond of my best friend. Therefore, when her bridge club meets I go out with my friend. Should Mother need a fourth, I fill in for her sake; and when I want my friend in for dinner, Mother is nice to him for my sake.

Simple? Yes. But so are all the problems of married life if you approach them with your head as well as your heart.

You'll find yourself conceding many decisions to your wife, and you should. She needs that assurance of your confidence in her, just as she needs an unexpected bouquet, an unsolicited compliment, or a spontaneous kiss to tell her how much you love her.

I noticed, Jeff, that out of your desire to please your date tonight you grew increasingly excited as the big hour neared. Yet that was just a sample of what it will be like to return home to your wife each night; and when that excitement fades, merely from time and habit, an important part of your happiness will die.

If you marry the right girl, Jeff, you will never quite lose the suddenly quick heart when you hear her footstep, or her voice on the phone, or even when you find in your pocket the shopping list she wrote for you days ago.

Little things? Yes. But a happy marriage must have those minor miracles. You aren't in love only at Christmas or on birthdays or anniversaries; you're in love every minute.

However, the adjustments of being married sometimes hit a snag. When that happens, Son, you're on your own. It's like standing at the edge of a cliff with a strong wind at your back. Then, for minutes, for hours, perhaps for days, a little something nips at your heart; but suddenly comes a rush of tears and babbled apologies, and you grab at love with the violent relief that another of life's big crises is over.

Sometimes you'll think that you'll explode with love. You'll want your wife with a fury that makes you tremble and the moments when you

share that hunger will be the crescendos of your love. But don't expect that every time.

You see, Jeff, a woman's love has many tender roots and she is loving you as she irons your shirts, cooks your breakfast, shops for you, or merely sits with you in the same room. Her heart and body are composed more delicately than a man's and she has less need for physical volcanoes. You must realize that, if you want your wife to look upon your private moments as the beautiful adventure they should be. You

READER'S CHOICE

The suggestion that we share with you this thoughtful letter from a father comes from Mrs. W. M. Bosnett of Lancaster, Tex., to whom we are sending \$25. It is condensed from *Coronet*, September, 1951; copyright by *Esquire*, 1951.

Why not nominate your favorite short story or article? Send the title, author, source, and date to Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. If you're the first to suggest it, and it's used, you'll receive a check for \$25.—EDS.

must sense when she is ready to bring you her own desires and when she merely accepts yours. Aware of the difference, it becomes your duty to sacrifice yourself for her.

Some men don't see it that way. They resent that sacrifice and every compromise they have to make. They go into marriage blind to the fact that its success results only from the countless adjustments. And so they are susceptible to the first pretty little thing strolling by, who appears more willing to demand less and give more than their wives.

And there, Jeff, is what I've been thinking about all evening since you rushed out on your date. Fidelity, in my opinion, is a law of the conscience. It is an innate loyalty to ideals a man has all his life. Infidelity is like committing treason against yourself. The haunting regret of it in a marriage must be in realizing that a man has looked away from the wife who trusts him, believes in him, shares his darkest hours.

There can't be any happiness in

that. Because of it, something that was intended to be good and beautiful is suddenly tainted, and there is no peace in knowing that you are guilty of destruction.

That's what I want you to remember, Jeff, above everything else, and then all the other things will fall into place, just as I know you want them to.

By far the grandest thrills of such a love are the children who become part of your family. The fullest moment of your life, Jeff, will come the first time you look down at the new baby in your wife's arms. In that pink, wrinkled, screeching bundle of humanity is the fulfillment of all the dreams of your wedding day. Suddenly you have a future and it's wrapped up in that miracle you call "my kid."

Returning home each night has a new importance because you will be impatient for your wife's reports on the progress of this remarkable new being whose every moment is so vital to you. And you will be impatient, too, for the day when your child can cling to your fingers, call you Dad, and come to you because he is aware of who you are and consciously loves you.

Then you will have everything. Jeff—a wife, a family, a home—all of it resulting from the wonderful accident of one day meeting a girl with whom you exchanged pure hearts and shared ideals. Remember, you have some glorious adventures ahead of you, Son.

But there is one thing more. Your wife, your family, your home—your entire life—can be truly valuable only if you have a guest in your house, and that guest is God.

There's been too much happiness in our home, Jeff, for me to believe that you and Mother and I have created it all by ourselves. I think we've had some outside help. And if our happiness is a reward from God for the way we've lived, then I want you to go on as we are living, because you deserve this same happiness for your own home that you'll start one day.

That's why I've written this, Jeff, and why you will find it waiting for you on your pillow when you return home tonight from your big date. I hope you had a good time.

BABIES

Have the Right to Live

By C. C. Cawley

*Someday you
may save a child—from
his parents!*



RECENTLY a friend of mine asked the parents of a seriously ill girl if they had called a doctor. Indignant, the parents replied their prayers would heal the child. But unfortunately the child died.

Society does have the legal right to protect children. Courts of Illinois and Missouri, for example, say the state has the legal right to step in and save a child's life even over the religious objections of parents.

In a New Jersey case, physicians testified a week-old "Rh baby" would have a 50-50 chance to live only if given an immediate blood transfusion. The parents said blood transfusions were against the teachings of the Bible. But the judge ordered the baby placed in custody of the county welfare department. The baby recovered and was returned to its parents.

Such cases draw protests from some who claim they violate the First Amendment, which reads in part: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

But just what did the framers of our Constitution have in mind by the words "free exercise"?

Suppose you are approached by a man who says: "I'm sorry, but God has commanded members of my sect to chop off all non-members' heads." If you refuse to be decapitated, have you interfered with the "free exercise" of his religion? That's silly, but it involves a question that went to the U. S. Supreme Court.

It was the many-wived Mormons

who first forced the issue. In a test case in 1874, George Reynolds, who was Brigham Young's secretary, was indicted for bigamy. In a famous ruling against Reynolds, the Supreme Court clarified "free exercise" in these words:

Laws are made for the government of actions, and while they cannot interfere with . . . religious belief and opinions, they may with practices . . . Here, as a law of the organization of society . . . it is provided that plural marriages shall not be allowed. Can a man excuse his practices to the contrary because of his religious belief? To permit this would be to make the professed doctrines of religious belief superior to the law of the land, and in effect permit every citizen to become a law unto himself. Government could exist only in name under such circumstances.

During the earlier years of this century many American parents were convicted of misdemeanor or involuntary manslaughter under child-protection statutes, but until 1938 the courts were content to stand aside until after the child was dead. The idea of stepping in to save the child's life was not tried until 1938.

A nine-year-old boy with acute appendicitis was removed from his faith-healing mother by juvenile court order and rushed to the hospital. He died, however, before the operation. The mother was convicted of manslaughter. Her pastor was tried for manslaughter but was acquitted.

In the Missouri case of Janet Lynn Morrison, in 1952, Commissioner Sperry of Kansas City Court of Appeals in affirming judgment declared:

The United States Supreme Court has held that the regulation, or suppression, of religious practices is not an invasion of religious belief

and opinion. . . . Every human being is endowed by God with the inalienable right to live. The fact that the subject is the infant child of a parent who, arbitrarily, puts his own theological belief higher than his duty to preserve the life of his child cannot prevail over the considered judgment of an entire people. . . . The other rights, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are of no benefit to a dead baby.

Missouri held further that society "may punish a parent for dereliction in his duties; but society is not required to stand aside until the child is dead for want of care, but may take direct steps to preserve the life that the parents neglected to cherish."

That put into words a principle and established a legal precedent that probably never will be challenged:

A parent is free to believe and pray as his conscience directs, but he must provide proper care for his child at all times.

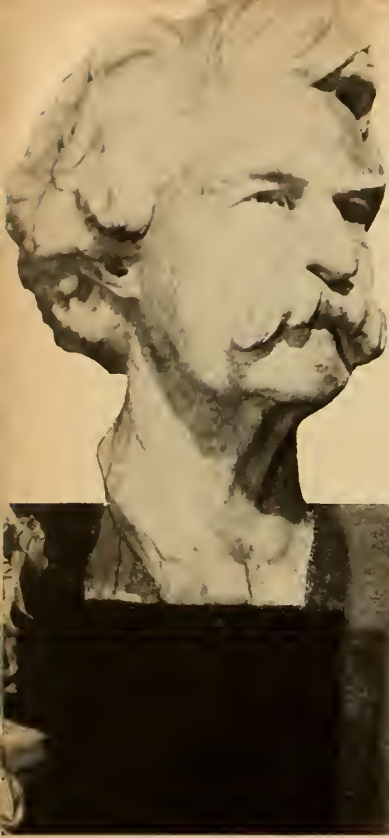
Suppose your neighbor does not obtain medical care for his seriously ill child. He is committing a misdemeanor under law.

Here is what you can do—and should do:

Ask a policeman where your district court is. Some districts include several towns. Some cities extend over several districts.

Go to the clerk or judge of that district court, explaining that what you are after is not punishment for the parents but quick juvenile court intervention for the child.

If court representatives do not act, go to your attorney. He will apply to your county superior court for a writ of mandamus, commanding the district judge to perform his duty.



Tom Sawyer Town



In Hannibal's Mark Twain museum, a bust of the author never lacks admirers. Museum, adjoining Twain's old home, is filled with memorabilia of his life.

THERE are ghosts in Hannibal, Mo. Not the chain-rattling shades of ghost stories but the puckish spirits of two boys who can never die—Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. It was from the familiar surroundings of Hannibal that Mark Twain drew when his fertile imagination gave birth to Tom and Huck. The better part of a century has slipped by since "Twain's boys" first stepped out of a printed page, but their happy spirits still infest every inch of Hannibal. Somehow, even the youngsters on these pages, walking where Twain's characters walked, seem—Well, don't you see an uncanny resemblance to Huck and Tom?



Modern-day counterparts of Tom and Huck stroll past Twain's home, bound for an afternoon's catfishing.

Even in the midst of this modern city
you can still feel the warmth of the 1800s—
thanks to the spell cast by Mark Twain.



As peaceful today as in the 1800s, "Ol' Miss" still means leisure-time fun to Hannibal boys, 9 to 99.



King-size wheel is one of many that felt Twain's touch as river-boat pilot—career he began in 1857.

Mark Twain cave, scene of some of Tom's scariest adventures. Today, as in Twain's day, kids love to explore its mysteries.



Our Church's Big Jobs

By T. OTTO NALL Editor, *New Christian Advocate*

A LAYMAN phoned the other day. "I'm down for a talk on 'The Methodist Church in today's world,'" he said. "I thought I knew something about our church but now find I need information. What's doing with Methodists everywhere?"

Suppose you had to make the same talk. You'd find, when you dug into the subject, that Methodism is on the march. What it adds up to are five great jobs—and challenges—for our church:

We need to build about one new church a day! Your own community probably shows that The Methodist Church is running a dead heat with population. Nor will that new church a day take care of the big population bulge due in the 1960s.

"By 1965 we should have more than 11 million Methodists in the United States." (There are 9.5 million now.) That's the word of B. P. Murphy of church extension. Cur-

rently, Methodists account for 5.7 per cent of the population and are the dominant Protestant denomination in 16 states and the District of Columbia.

Almost anywhere you go you can spot this surge in Methodism. In the last four years we have established 900 new congregations. We've spent \$65 million for sites and first-unit buildings. Upwards of 1,300 new congregations are worshiping in temporary quarters.

And, at this rate of building, we are doing only half the job!

We have another great concern: Not only is population growing; it is shifting around. Two patterns chiefly tell the story—on the one hand, the downtown church is folding up in many large cities, and where it has remained its job has changed. On the other hand, the suburban church is booming.

Naturally, most new churches are

in the new centers of population. Some of these are in the inner city, where housing units have replaced slums and industries have moved out for cheaper rents and better transportation, but most are suburban. Of the nation's 170 million people, 42.5 million now live out where they can attend a smaller church in the suburbs.

But suburbia raises special church problems of its own. I thought my layman friend might want to have what Robert A. McKibben, of our department of city work, says about it:

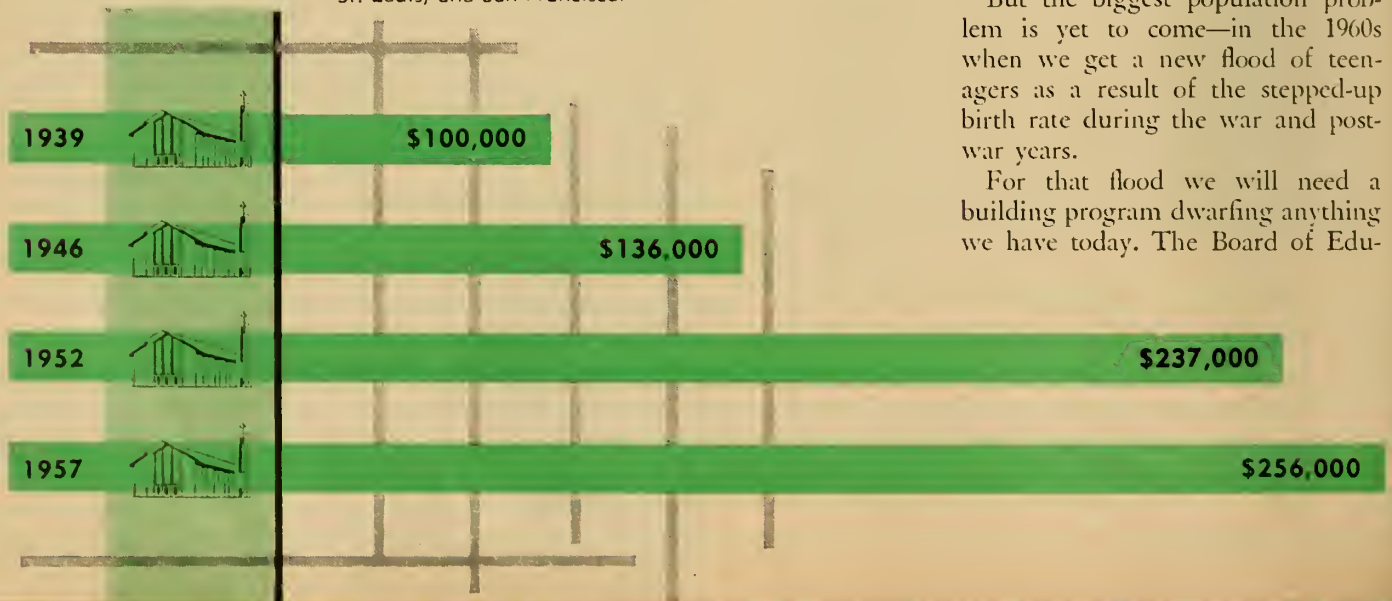
"For a long time, we Methodists considered the typical church to be a sturdy, steady, self-contained congregation in a county-seat town. Now comes the suburban church with its mobile population—middle-class people who are picked up by their corporations every few years and moved maybe across the continent. They come into The Methodist Church from non-Methodist, even non-Protestant backgrounds. They need a sense of community, and if they get it in Methodism, they tend to stay Methodists wherever they go."

But the biggest population problem is yet to come—in the 1960s when we get a new flood of teenagers as a result of the stepped-up birth rate during the war and post-war years.

For that flood we will need a building program dwarfing anything we have today. The Board of Edu-

OUR SKYROCKETING CHURCH COSTS

Based on original \$100,000 construction cost for the same church. These figures represent average building costs in four cities—New York, Atlanta, St. Louis, and San Francisco.



cation estimates 37,500 classrooms, costing \$281.2 million. We will need the greatest church-school teacher recruitment in history, 75,000 teachers. And we will need 250 directors of religious education, now nowhere in sight!

Unfortunately, we are not yet geared up for the job. Church leaders estimate that 3 million children and youths between 5 and 17 ought to be in church-school classes, and are not! Another 1.5 million will come knocking at Methodist doors within a few years. And the job must be done!

Strengthening the local church is our second challenge. The Methodist Church isn't in the business of keeping up with the Joneses, but we do measure ourselves against others.

In many a community, Methodists now are members of a Council of Churches which endeavors to look at the whole population problem and divide responsibilities. Here with fellow Protestant bodies we build and recruit members where it's wisest and best for all of us.

"What about the Southern Baptists?" my layman friend asked. I had to tell him that they claim they'll outnumber us Methodists by 1965. They are establishing two new seminaries with funds from the general church. More than 9,000 Southern Baptist churches are raising funds in a gigantic building program. A Methodist leader in the South tells

TOGETHER:

"When we can't beat them, we can take our hats off to the Baptists—so many times we see them doing what we Methodists ought to be doing."

"And the Roman Catholics?" the layman prompted. "Across the country I see signs staked out in key residential lots—'New Catholic church here.' Aren't they competitors, too?"

By its nature, the Roman Catholic Church is often able to leapfrog the Protestants and grab off the choice properties. It doesn't have to wait for the processes of democracy to operate.

All over the world, Roman Catholicism is waging a hard fight, but it is determined to consolidate itself in the U. S. The hierarchy centered in Rome is depending on the American church.

Fortunately, we Methodists—along

1

Build one new Methodist church every day.

2

Infuse new strength in local churches.

3

Recruit 3,500 new ministers by 1965.

4

Act on the urgent social issues of the day.

5

Push missions in the four "lands of decision."

with all Protestants—have no reason to fear this competition. A few years ago, a Methodist survey showed that Catholics becoming Methodists outnumber the reverse four to one. There is no reason to think the ratio has changed. Far more important, we have the vast unchurched millions among whom to do our evangelistic work.

So much for two great challenges—building and membership. There is a third:

Recruit new ministers. We'll need 3,500 by 1965 if we get our share of the population growth. And how are we to attract more young men and women to the ministry?

Think of the burden this puts on our colleges and seminaries. Think what it means to the homes and churches that will have to do the recruiting.

Every Sunday now we must fill the pulpits of 39,845 Methodist churches. Unfortunately, some 8,255 of these are on a supply basis. Then there are the special fields of ministry such as the military chaplaincy, posts on church boards and commissions, college, and seminary faculties.

What's holding us back?

Some say salary—though our ministers historically have brushed salary aside for the larger consideration of the church. At any rate, in these days of inflation, salary is an increasing factor. The average salary of a Methodist minister now is \$3,250 a year compared with the national average of \$4,170 for workers in manufacturing. It's far below pro-

fessional salaries of those who devote from two to five years beyond college for study.

Generally, guidance teachers rate the ministry below engineering, television, and even football. A survey by Ralph E. Felton of Drew Theological Seminary shows that pastors and parents have the most influence in recruiting young preachers. After these, it's evangelists, college teachers, church-school teachers, missionaries, and college friends, with guidance counselors last.

Two new theological seminaries now planned will help Methodism train the new recruits. But the real job is the back-home task of getting recruits. "I can do something with that," my layman friend said.

The church has to face up to greater financial responsibility for education as well. There are 116 church-related schools, the largest with an enrollment of 12,000. To increase their effectiveness, each Methodist is asked to give \$1 a year. (Last year we collected only 51 cents.) Of the 260,000 young Methodists in college or university, about half are attending Methodist-related schools. Most of the others are in tax-supported institutions, the majority of which have Wesley Foundations working with other Christian groups on the campus. Another 30 cents a year is asked for support of these 162 student centers. Last year we got eight cents apiece from our Methodist people!

But we are waking up. Annual conferences are alerting our people

A Prayer

to make your own



Henry van Dyke
(1852-1933),
American clergyman,
essayist, poet

THESE are the gifts
I ask of thee,
Spirit serene—
Strength
for the daily task;
Courage to face the road;
Good cheer
to help me bear
the traveler's load;
And for the hours of rest
that come between,
An inward joy in all things
heard and seen.

THESE are the sins
I fain would have
thee take away—
Malice
and cold disdain;
Hot anger,
sullen hate;
Scorn of the lowly,
envy of the great;
And discontent
that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness
of a common day.

© 1904 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932
by Henry van Dyke. Used by permission.

to do their part in the "battle for men's minds." Illinois Conference set up two committees—one to study the church-college relationship and the second to raise \$1.5 million for campus improvements. The Memphis Conference plans for every church to have a speaking contest on the value of higher education, connected with a program of scholarships. New England Southern Conference has a four-year plan for contributing to Boston University along with Wesley Foundations at Amherst and Harvard and elsewhere.

While we build churches and schools, our church faces another great challenge: **Act on the urgent social issues of the day.**

From the beginning we have been alert to social problems, and we allowed one to divide us. Reunited, after a 95-year-long separation over the slavery problem, The Methodist Church was threatened by new tensions when the General Conference met in Minneapolis in 1956. Again, the treatment of Negroes was the matter in dispute. We have 350,000 Negro members—more than all the other predominantly white Protestant churches combined. General Conference proposed a thorough study of relationships and decided that "we join other people of good will around the world in moving toward the day when all races shall share richly and without discrimination or segregation in the good things of life."

Most Methodists seem convinced that sudden integration would have done more harm than good. So the congregations wanting a change of status are working for it with their neighbors on an individual basis.

To date, only a handful of Methodist churches such as St. James in Chicago could be said to be integrated, although there are many more in which a few Negroes are in a predominantly white congregation, as in Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis. In two cases, on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, Negro pastors serve white groups. There is no known case of a white pastor serving a Negro group.

Desegregation, of course, is only one of a complex of problems having to do with human rights and freedoms. The Methodist Church pursues a

vigorous action program on behalf of world peace, and on the foremost social and economic questions of the times.

And so, finally, we have another big job: **Carrying the gospel to Asia, Africa, Latin America, and all the world.** Sixty-one cents of our World Service dollar go for missions, 34 for foreign and the balance at home. In addition, Methodist women annually raise about \$10 million extra for missions. With these funds, we support the work of 1,463 missionaries and help maintain some 16,000 national workers in 40 countries speaking 125 languages.

Our Methodist community overseas numbers 777,000. Scores of U.S. churches support ministers in other lands.

During the next four years, Methodist missions are concentrating on four main "lands of decision"—the Congo, in seething Africa; Sarawak, in Southeast Asia, teetering on the brink of Communism; Korea, which may be the first Protestant country in Asia, and Bolivia, where Protestantism has a new opportunity in nominally Catholic Latin America. The General Conference designated these areas for special mission effort.

But our real problem is to get people—trained, resourceful, devoted people. We need fresh help to win them.

In fact, "improving the quality of Christian living of all our pastors and people" throughout all the churches is part of the program for the four years between 1956 and 1960 General Conferences. We're trying to strengthen our colleges, too, in these days of struggle for men's minds. Strong churches and strong colleges will help us get on with our jobs.

And these, I told my speechmaking friend, are our five big jobs. I finished with a story: I told him of a young man who came to his pastor with a long complaint of the injustice, wickedness, and hopelessness of the world. He ended his tirade with a spirited criticism of God for having created the world in the first place. "I could have made a better world myself," the young Methodist said. To which the minister replied, "That's exactly what God expects you to do!"

*A loving home
and secure girlhood
form her gateway
to future happiness.*



Your Daughters Are What You Make Them

By MARION STOCKER

Together
in the **Home**

ALONG WITH the pleasures of having a daughter come awesome responsibilities. Because that girl of yours probably will be a mother herself someday. And whether she will have the warmth, wisdom, and understanding love which make a good mother depends on you; the kind of parent you are, the kind of home you give her to grow up in. This is an important link in a continuous chain, one generation preparing the next for its turn in shaping the world.

And there's a closer-to-home reason for wanting a daughter to become a mother. Many leading psychologists now say that bearing

and rearing children is the only life that gives a woman complete happiness and fulfillment. How, then, do you go about training a daughter to be a good mother and homemaker—and to want that kind of life?

It's a question I've been pondering ever since I had dinner with Alice and, next day, stopped by to see Peg. You couldn't find two girls less alike.

Alice, at 28, is a successful career girl—attractive, sophisticated, living off the fat of the land. That's what you see on the outside; the inside picture isn't nearly so rosy.

Peg, on the other hand, is a mother at 23. Her days are a jumble of

diapers, bottles, runny noses, meals, dishes. Nothing glamorous here. Yet you sense an inner contentment in Peg, an ordered purposefulness.

Alice has never married. She's still looking for a man who's smarter and makes more money than she does. Men admire Alice, but they're a little afraid of her. She likes to beat them at arguments and sharpen her wit at their expense.

It isn't often that you're allowed to see beneath Alice's bright, brittle veneer. I did the other night, though, and I saw a lonely, confused girl. We were drinking coffee by the open fire in her expensive apartment when suddenly she exploded: "What's all this getting me? I ought to be married and bringing up kids. But look at me! Working like a dog to please a boss. For what? How did I land in this rat race?" She paused for just a second. Then:

"A home and children were the last things I wanted when I was a kid. Mother kept house grimly and I hated helping her. Once she told me she envied women smart enough to earn their own living and escape the drudgery of children and housework. And she never said anything good about my father until he died."

You didn't show affection in Alice's home, even if you felt it. "Loving up" and terms of endearment were considered weakness.

"Then, for my first date, Mother made me a blue dress and I loved myself in it. That night I floated downstairs to show off. Mother glanced up and said: 'What's the matter with your hair? It looks like a haystack.' That's all; afraid I'd get conceited. At the moment, I loathed her. All the bounce went out of me."

It wasn't until Alice went to college, where she worked her way through, that she began to have self-confidence. Then she vowed she'd make her own life and get ahead.

"I have, too!" she concluded defiantly. Then she added in a small voice, "For what?"

Well, how do you raise a daughter for motherhood and happiness?

Psychologists list three principles basic to the healthy emotional growth: Surround your children with love. (They must feel confident that they are lovable, or, as they grow up, they won't dare give love

wholeheartedly lest it be rejected.) Guide them with judicious discipline. Teach them the good life through your example.

Alice's capacity to love didn't have a chance to grow in the barren soil of her home; the discipline roused her resentment rather than teaching her consideration of others, and, from her mother, she learned to scorn men and to see homemaking as a dreary, unrewarding life. So she decided to fight her way up alone. Alice thought she could find happiness in *getting*; she never learned the joy of *giving*.

But as for Peg—well, she has to give whether she wants to or not. I've known Peg since she was three. She married at 19, starry-eyed with love and full of trust in the future.

That was four years ago. Bob has just finished his navy stint and has his first job. Takes some figuring to make a modest income stretch for four; Winkie, three, and Peter, six weeks, are expensive luxuries.

Their home is a tiny, second-floor apartment, which looked like anything but a dream house when I stopped by one rainy afternoon. Toys

A PAGE FROM YOUR LIFE?

Perhaps you have solved a personal or family problem, or you may have turned seeming misfortune to your advantage in a way which you think will be helpful and interesting to others. TOGETHER will pay \$50 for any such story accepted for publication.

Manuscripts should be typewritten (preferably double spaced), must not exceed 1,000 words, and should be sent with return postage to: *Together in the Home* Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago.

littered the living-room floor; a pile of unironed clothes spilled from the dinette table; damp diapers festooned folding bars which crowded the pint-size kitchen. A washing machine gave out a vibrating whirr. As Peg greeted me with her usual big smile and cordial "Hi!" other sounds added to the confusion: wails from the bedroom where Winkie protested her nap; the crying of Peter, waiting in his carriage to be fed.

"You should have warned me you were coming!" Peg laughed. "What

a mess! On rainy days I think I should find a job and leave all this to someone who can do it better."

She smiled. "I don't really mean that," she added quickly. "This is my job, and, mostly, I like it." She picked up Peter and snuggled him against her shoulder. His crying stopped. Abruptly, too, the sounds from the bedroom ceased. "Winkie will be fine after her nap," Peg apologized. "When work piles up I get impatient and that upsets her. She was just plain ornery today—so I gave her a couple of spanks. 'No nonsense,' I told her. 'You need your rest.'" (That's just what Peg's mother used to say to Peg! I wondered if she knew that.)

Young mothers have a rough job, I agreed. But Peg refused to be pitied. "Really, we have the best job in the world," she insisted, "and we're crazy if we don't appreciate it. I'm my own boss. No one cracks the whip at me! Sure, it's hard work, but I can do it the way I please and when I please." Gently she shoved the business end of a bottle into Peter's mouth. "With a tired husband coming home at night, I do my best to get the work done." Again, I was reminded of her mother—hustling around in the late afternoon, so "things will look nice and peaceful when Tom comes home."

"Peg," I asked, "didn't you ever want a career?"

"Oh," she said, "once I thought it would be exciting to be an interior decorator. But ever since I was a girl I've wanted a home and children of my own. I don't know why. Mother enjoyed cooking and making draperies and arranging flowers, and I loved to help her. I remember how important I felt when Daddy bought me a child-size cleaning kit—everything just my size."

"You got in trouble dusting, though," I reminded her. "Remember how upset your mother was when you broke the crystal vase. You must have been about five then."

"Because I'd been disobedient. Mother and Daddy told me never to dust the mantel; it was too high and I might break the vase. I'd promised them I wouldn't, too. When Mother spanked me she said it wasn't because I'd broken the vase

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer

General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

but because I'd broken my promise."

Good psychology, the kind you'd expect of Peg's parents. She was their only child and they doted on her. But they didn't spoil her.

"Peg," I said, "what are some nice things you remember about your childhood?"

"Where do I begin?" she laughed. "I remember so many. Picnics when we'd sing three-part songs and watch the moon come up. . . . Playing games with Mother and Dad, and laughing our heads off. . . . Evenings when Mother and I sewed and Daddy read out loud. . . ."

Like Alice, Peg remembers her first party dress—but what a different memory! "It was rose-colored taffeta, a real dream! Mother spent hours making it. She helped me get dressed that night and then we went downstairs to impress Dad. He said I looked like a princess and made a big to-do about kissing my hand. I felt like a queen!"

As I talked with Peg, some rules for raising a daughter to be a good mother began to form in my mind. Give her plenty of love—but not clinging love. Guide and guard, and gradually let her go her own way. Use punishment wisely, to stress important lessons. Teach her by your example that homemaking has worth and dignity, and that it brings great satisfactions.

But even as I was thinking, the bedroom door burst open and out stepped a tousled Winkie, full of smiles after her nap.

"Hi!" she exclaimed in exact imitation of her mother. Then, trotting over to Peg, she held out a baby doll and said solemnly: "Mommy, Baby John needs his bottle."

In a gesture of pure mother delight, Peg threw her arms around the little pink figure and hugged her close. "Baby John is Winkie's baby," she explained. "He came just the same time as Peter. Keeps us busy tending our babies, doesn't it, darling?"

How do you train a daughter to want and to enjoy motherhood? Perhaps you don't train her; perhaps it's something she catches from living with you, if you like being a homemaker—just as Peg caught it from her mother and, already, Winkie is catching it from Peg.

● *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Something of Value Adults (+) Youth (+)

Here is a film which interprets the South African conflict and the Mau Mau uprising in terms of personal loyalties but with a gruesome realism that chills the blood. Rock Hudson and Sydney Poitier were boyhood friends but now are on opposite sides. Hudson eventually realizes that you cannot take away a people's customs without substituting "something of value."

This Could Be the Night Adults (+)

This is another night-club owner, gangster, ex-bootlegger fantasy, in which a pure and innocent schoolteacher (Jean Simmons) brings out the good beneath the surface of Paul Douglas and Anthony Franciosa. The efforts of these characters to become Sir Galahads provide much of the film's comedy.

The Way to the Gold Adults (+)

When Jeffrey Hunter was in prison, his cellmate told him where he had hidden gold which he had stolen years before. Now that Jeffrey is out, he takes up the trail. Sheree North, a waitress, joins him. Others who have been looking for the gold try to prevent him from getting it.

Wayward Bus Adults (—)

Throw a busload of passengers into a near accident and they inevitably get acquainted. The audience, too, learns to know something of their private lives. But in this case the characters are not appealing and the characterization is mostly on the surface, so who cares? Somehow this film version of John Steinbeck's work never gets rolling.

The Oklahoman Family (+)

Joel McCrea, a doctor, has gone to Oklahoma (in 1870) to build a new life after his wife's death. He finds the town run by villainous Brad Dexter and incurs Dexter's anger when he protects an Indian whose oil-rich land Dexter covets.

Desk Set Adults (+)

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn team up again for another solid comedy. According to the general gossip of a radio-TV network, Tracy's electronic brain is being substituted for the research department, run by Miss Hepburn. She fights back. (Many will object to the excessive drinking in the Christmas-party scene.)

A Face in the Crowd Adults (+)

A film that poses the question: How shall we use TV? This picture should be seen by all thoughtful Americans. Andy Griffith, a man of tremendous magnetism but no moral principles, rises from a filthy county jail to become the "country boy" TV star of the nation. Then he uses his popularity to sell reactionary politicians along with pills.

Gunfight at O.K. Corral Adults (+)

A smash Western. Burt Lancaster (playing Wyatt Earp—law) saves Kirk Douglas (Doc Holliday—gambler, outlaw) from a lynch mob. Kirk returns the favor in the blazing battle between Burt and cattle-rustling ranchers at Tombstone, Ariz. He is not so kind to his mistress, Jo Van Fleet.

Joe Butterfly Family (+)

Audie Murphy is a photographer on the army magazine, *Yank*, which moves into Tokyo after the Japanese surrender and attempts to get out a first issue amid the confusion. Joe Butterfly (Burgess Meredith) is a friendly, pocket-lining Japanese whose aid is invaluable, if a trifle expensive. Trite situations and the usual drinking scene to celebrate the end of the war somewhat mar the comedy.

Johnny Tremain Family (+)

An authenticated, inspiring, historical drama of the early days of the American Revolution, as seen through the eyes of Hal Stalmaster (Johnny Tremain).

The Lonely Man Adults (+) Youth (+)

A Western with Jack Palance as a reformed gunslinger who wants to settle down. He finds his son, Anthony Perkins, whom he left 17 years before. The boy hates his father.



*"He took me to the
burying ground and lifted
a wisp of ivy from an
old gravestone."*

Heartbreak is a sickness that can be cured and here's

How the Deckers Did It

By LONGSTREET STEVENS

ON OUR street, when I was a child, stood the house of Mr. and Mrs. Decker. It wasn't much of a house, unless you were a clerk in a hardware store and were very happy with hens and a garden, a wife as tall as your shoulder, and a small son named Roger.

Mr. Decker was a neat little man who carried a cane because he had once injured his leg when he drove a wagon off a bridge to keep from hitting a dog. He had little thin hands and a thin face. Everything about him was thin and neat except his large blond mustache, which he was always combing with his fingers.

He and Mrs. Decker dreamed of the day when Roger would go out into the world and be a great man. I know that, because Roger used to tell me about it. He was amused at his parents' hopes for him.

Roger was no good, but his parents did not know it. We all played hooky sometimes, but he seldom went to school at all. We all swiped apples and such things occasionally; but Roger stole brass lamps and tore lead pipes from empty houses and sold them to a junkman who patted him on the back and asked for more.

When Roger was 12, his father and mother bought an orchard near their property. It was to be a birthday gift to their son. They would sell the fruit every year and put the money away so he could go to college. At his birthday party Roger said the lemonade was sissy stuff and that the junkman was giving him real beer.

Roger grew into a great lout whose mouth twisted into a leer at anything we smaller kids believed in. Everything was "the bunk" to him, and he had secret friends we saw him with

sometimes. (Our parents warned they would fan us skinless if we ever joined them.)

But Mr. and Mrs. Decker were fine people. They worked hard, and sang in church, and gave money to causes—money they could ill afford. Every year the fruit in their orchard was sold, and the proceeds went into a bank account called Roger's College Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Decker never seemed to understand about Roger. They said he was "headstrong." They must have expected a future great man would be like that.

Roger died one night when he was 16, behind a coalyard, from a bullet wound in his throat. The little steel safe inside the coalyard office was open and a small payroll was missing. The night watchman who shot Roger said he had had to do it.

When they buried Roger, his parents put up a stone with just ROGER DECKER on it. Nothing else, not even the date of his birth and death.

The years went by. Mr. and Mrs. Decker tended the apple trees, and Mr. Decker sold nails and house paint and explained the new electric iceboxes to his customers. He no longer looked as if he were dreaming and he never sang in church.

One winter night the railroad guards picked up a boy named Jimmy who had a bag of coal that he had stolen from the railroad yards. They took him to court. The boy said his family was cold and he had only taken a little coal to keep them warm, but the judge said an example had to be made of him, and so Jimmy was to be sent away.

Mr. Decker didn't come home that afternoon. He'd heard about Jimmy

and had gone to court. The judge finally agreed that if Mr. Decker would speak for Jimmy and see that it didn't happen again, the boy would be released.

Three years later the Deckers sold the orchard to a real estate company that put up a row of little houses on it, and Jimmy went away to college. Mr. and Mrs. Decker went down to the depot to see him off. Mrs. Decker kissed him. Mr. Decker shook his hand and gave him his grandfather's old silver stem-winding watch. The town said it was just like the Deckers: once wasn't enough—they wanted to break their hearts *twice*.

That year Jimmy won a history prize. Three years later, after winning more honors, he went to England on a scholarship. He came back a tall, energetic young man, stayed a short while, and then went away again. Mr. Decker walked very slowly with him to the depot.

Well, Jimmy went on to become the president of a famous university. One of the most respected and widely loved men in this country today, he is truly a great man.

Not long ago I went back to the town and to the street where the Deckers lived. About four o'clock an old man, walking very slowly with a cane, came up the street. As he greeted me, his thin, tired hands combed back a heroic mustache from an old, thin face.

He took me to the burying ground and lifted a wisp of ivy from an old gravestone. On it, almost too dim to see, were the words: ROGER DECKER.

And under the name, freshly cut, were the numerals 1900—. The last date was still to be filled in.



Lofty Pikes Peak in Colorado has inspired millions of vacationers to meditate . . . and unlimber their cameras! Sixty-two years ago the panoramic view stirred a schoolteacher named Katharine Lee Bates to compose the poem, America the Beautiful. Later set to music, it became a popular hymn . . . some say a second national anthem.

The best of 12,000 photos portraying . . .

America the Beautiful

You can't see America without thanking God for the bounties and beauties of our land—her fields in harvest, her deserts in bloom, teeming commerce, skyscraper cities, and, above all, free men with the spirit and the strength to match our mountains.

Many people have written about these blessings—notably Katharine Lee Bates who penned the beloved poem-hymn, *America the Beautiful*. And so last fall we decided to illustrate this moving poem with color photos. Mindful that it's a rare Methodist who doesn't click a camera, we invited TOGETHER readers to help us.

You should have seen the response! You swamped us! First we had four or five entries a day, then 50, then 150! Files bulged and before long we had to set aside a small room just to take care of your offerings. We appreciated your friendly notes—seemed like chatting with you. "I don't by any means consider myself an outstanding photographer," wrote one modest reader. "Just thought I'd send these in for the fun of it." Another snapshooter wrote: "Our family certainly had a good time going back through some 2,000 slides covering more than 10 years' fun together."

We had a good time, too—and work! How do you go about judging 12,000 color photos? Our photo chief took on the first important screening job himself. Piling the whole load into his station wagon, he headed home where he locked himself up for a solid week of picture looking. "I feel as if I'd taken a coast-to-coast trip," he reported. "When I finished I had a new feeling for America—and appreciation for our photo fans." Bleary-eyed but triumphant, he marched back into the office with his first tentative selection—375 top transparencies!

Then six of TOGETHER's editors plunged into the final judging. We looked for two things: (1) pictures that caught the spirit of America; (2) technical quality. Finally, we agreed on 15 photos which appear on the cover and these pages. We had a tough job left—returning the 12,000-plus photos that couldn't be published. This took us another three weeks, with just about everybody in the office typing labels and stuffing envelopes.

We think it was worth it and we believe you will agree. We wish we might have printed dozens more pictures, for they were that good. As it is, we know now that our churchgoers, mothers, businessmen, ministers, students are photographers, too. Someday we'll ask your help again. But for now, our hearty thanks—and wherever you are in this beautiful country, we wish you further good shooting!—THE EDITORS



Eva Luoma, Weirton, W. Va., took this sunset with a view camera, Ektachrome, f 4.5, one second.

*O beautiful for spacious skies,
for amber waves of grain,*

A Leitz pola-screen was used
by Townsend Godsey, Branson, Mo., for
this cricket-eye view of a Kansas
wheat field. Leica, 50 mm Xenon lens,
Kodachrome exposed at 1/50, f 4.5.



For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain . . .



Early-morning sunlight on a meadow near Jackson Hole, Wyo., gave Mrs. Bessie Dugar, Newton, Ill., a fitting subject for her Argus C-3. She took this picture on Kodachrome, with a lens setting of f 4.5. The photograph was made last summer on a family vacation trip.

*O beautiful for
pilgrim feet,
whose stern,
impassioned stress
A thoroughfare
for freedom beat
across the
wilderness!*

At the 60th anniversary
of the Cherokee land rush, 1893,
George Chyka, Sedan, Kan.,
photographed Eva Wintermute,
then over 82. She took part
as a bride-to-be of 17 in a calico
dress like this. Photo with
4x5 Crown Graphic, Ektachrome,
lens set at f 5.6 at 1/100.





Family viewing the Constitution, taken by Robert Rose, Lawrence, Kan., with Kodak 4x5 view camera, Ektachrome daylight film, 50B bulb and strobe, open flash at f 8.

*America! America! God mend thine every flaw, Com
thy liberty in law. C
proved in liberating
their country loved,*



The Rev. Wilfred Hansen, New Britain, Conn., used a Kodak Signet camera to catch this sunset at Shelter Island, training center of his conference.



E. Leslie Medford, Jr., Arlington, Va., used a Kodak 35 with Kodachrome, f 8 at 1/50 to record the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Hawaii, where now rest U.S. dead from World War II.

The Rev. F. E. Howard, Greensboro, N.C., focused his Exakta VX on the Iwo Jima memorial statue in Washington, D.C., 58 mm lens, Kodachrome, f 11 at 1/50. Photographer used a tripod to insure crisp image.



thy soul in self-control,
 beautiful for heroes
 life, Who more than self
 mercy more than life!

*America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine.
O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears!*



A Sunday-school lesson on the United Nations was filmed by Mrs. Leslie Bever, Webster Groves, Mo., at Grace Methodist Church, St. Louis. The teacher is her daughter. She used an Argus C-3 with telephoto lens, blue flash bulb, Kodachrome, f 4 at 1/30.

To make this remarkable night shot of Columbus, Ohio, Larry A. Gardner put his Argus C-3 on a tripod, opened the lens to f 3.5 and made a five-minute exposure on daylight Anscochrome. He likes after-dark color photography because of the varied and interesting light effects.





This nugget of gold, found in a stream near Virginia City, Mont., was photographed by W. E. Jensen, Billings, with $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ Speed Graphic, Ektachrome film, f 16 at $1/10$.



*America! America!
God shed his grace
on thee; And crown
thy good with brother-
hood from sea to
shining sea.*



Scarritt College (Nashville, Tenn.) students posed in a colorful group for Betty J. Cox, Washington, D. C. She used an Argus C-3, Kodachrome, f 5.6 at 1/100.



At Seaside, Ore., Mrs. Ken Langer, Des Moines, Iowa, "shot" her husband against the sunset. Ansco Super Regent, Kodachrome 1/60.

You Can Take *Better* Vacation Pictures

YOU'RE OUT picnicking and Junior spills the lemonade. He scowls and scrubs . . . and you catch the cleanup in a color snapshot.

You're driving to the lake for two weeks of family fun. Sister falls asleep in the back seat. You slow the car to a gradual stop, then shoot her siesta.

Years later, when both are away at college, you'll chuckle over the pictures—and relive the happy moments.

It's easy to take good vacation pictures . . . the kind that kindle memories. You don't need a fancy camera—just use your ingenuity, standardize on one or two types of film, and follow carefully the exposure directions in each film box. If you own an exposure meter, so much the better.

Take lots of pictures. Photograph all those moments of drama and excitement, and don't overlook those typical vacation doings—cleaning fish, packing lunch, gassing up the car (with Junior holding the tire gauge), packing, studying road maps. There are picture possibilities almost every minute.

Experts say camera movement ruins more amateur pictures than anything else. So hold your camera steady. Gently squeeze—don't punch—the shutter release. And don't get closer than five or six feet . . . or your photo may turn out fuzzy as a kitten. (You can move in closer with a more expensive camera.)

And don't get too far back! If Grandma looks like a speck in your view finder, she'll be almost invisible in the finished picture.

Keep exposed film out of hot places or it will cook! Avoid auto glove compartments and direct sunlight. And change films in the shade.

With color film, include bright scenery, buildings, clothes in each picture. And keep in the sunlight! Color pictures shot in the shade usually are disappointing.

If you pay careful attention to the film recommendations and use your ingenuity, you'll get some priceless vacation pictures.

Take time to plan each photo. Here the fish will be emphasized as the photographer crouches for low-angle view.



Good backgrounds. The waterfall here helps to recall the visit. Before shooting move around, looking through view finder to place important objects where they give significance.

Show some activity. Pose family to show each person doing something funny or typical. This provides lasting memories.





Use the light to dramatize most important parts of a picture. Here, sunlight over boy's right shoulder accents the profile against the background.



Encourage children by providing an inexpensive camera. Junior's snapshooting gives him added vacation fun . . . and participation in a family project.



Comings and goings make good vacation photos. Get a neighbor or friend to shoot your departure, unpacking at motels. Ask help from passers-by, too.

Name Your Hobby

If you have a hobby that might interest 900,000 TOGETHER subscribers, why not share your experiences with them? Start the ball rolling by writing to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Meanwhile, we'll continue to publish names of other hobbyists each month. You'll be listed if you send your name, address, and hobby interest to the address above. (Pen Pal entries are limited to those 18 or under.)—EDS.

Amateur Radio:

Dorothy White, 31 S. Mill St., Naperville, Ill.

Antique Glass Slippers:

Marjorie D. Layton, 8 Division St., Newton, N.J.

Antique Toys:

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Bailey, 711 Broadway, Milton, Pa.

Auto Camping:

Dorothy Dilger, 31 Holly Dr., New Rochelle, N.Y.

Bookplates:

Mrs. B. P. Young, 117 The Parkway, Ithaca, N.Y.

Buttons:

Mrs. Lucy Oliver, 1101 E. 8th, Winfield, Kan.; Mrs. P. E. Parrish, 4341 E. 11th Pl., Gary, Ind.; Mrs. B. H. Moon, 613 E. D, Hutchinson, Kan.; Mrs. B. F. Browning, 223 NE 28th Ave., Portland, Ore.; Mrs. W. T. Gordon (button gardens), 1420 Marshall, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Gale K. Young, 315 N. Texas Ave., Tavares, Fla.

Campaign Buttons:

Walter Draheim, 315 Dean St., Woodstock, Ill.; Jim Goodner, 1926 SE Blvd., Evansville, Ind.

Church Bulletins:

Samuel J. Schaefer, 3709 N. 53rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Maurice Wendel, Manchester, Iowa; Paul Streif, R.R. 2, Clear Lake, Wis.; Beverly Morse, Manson, Wash.

Church History:

Mrs. W. W. Jackson, 2136 W. Summit Ave., San Antonio, Tex. (19th-century Methodism).

Coins:

Carolyn Whitson, Grand Ave., Campbell, Mo.; R. T. Love, R.D. 3, Greenville, Pa.; Matthew Hohmann, 147 John Page Dr., San Antonio, Tex.; A. F. Remington, 1332 Eighth Ave., Windom, Minn.; Virgil L. Mylin, 541 W. Hill, Wabash, Ind.

Dixieland Music:

Amy Lee, 32 Echo Lane, Larchmont, N.Y.

Early American Farm Machinery:

T. W. Scott, Gordon, Neb.

Earrings:

Mrs. Floyd Fleming, R.D. 1, Box 27, Saxonburg, Pa.; Mrs. Betty Gleaved, Dodson Chapel Rd., Hermitage, Tenn.; Mrs. Horry C. Parsons, 42 Cherns Landing Rd., Clementon, N.J.

Foreign Handmade Articles:

Dr. G. O. Pasmore, 316 W. Pearl St., Union City, Ind.

Genealogy:

Mrs. R. R. Pace, 5826 Burgundy Rd., Dallas, Tex. (Kerfoot, Meador, Lampton, Richardson); Miss C. M. Beaty, 1310 E. McMillan St., Cincinnati 6, Ohio (Beaty, Smith, Hubbard); Gordon M. Connelly, 1612 S. Columbine St., Denver, Colo. (Worle, Meador, Leedy, Lett); Mrs. Ralph M. Dean, 538 Nicholas Rd., Kalamazoo, Mich.; O. R. Robbins, Loveland, Colo. (Jackson, Washburn); Mina G. Omer, 847 Pelanconi Ave., Glendale, Calif. (Ayers, Proctor, Morrill, Stackpole);

Fay Merritt, R. 1, Box 833, Coos Bay, Ore. (Simpson, Merritt).

Guns:

J. R. Wingrove, 17 Convenient St., Brownsville, Pa.

Indian Relics:

G. L. Shindledecker, 319 Hill St., Reynoldsville, Pa.

Knives:

Melvin L. Johnson, Rt. 3, Box 134, Mt. Horeb, Wis.

Matchbooks:

Linda Sand, 46 MacDonald, Brush, Colo.

Pencils:

Anthony Cesare, R. 2, Box 9-A, Dillonvale, Ohio; B. C. Sander, Chapman, Kan.; Dale W. Dettmer, 4816 N. Hollowell Ave., Temple City, Calif.; L. L. Meyer, 905 Ninth St., Dallas, Ore.; Mrs. Willard Shipley, R.R. 3, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

Pitchers:

Mrs. Allan K. Williams, 517 First Ave. E., Newton, Iowa.

Poetry:

Carey Johnson, Box 333, Hemingford, Neb.; W. C. Spratt, 1125 Wilson Ave., Ames, Iowa.

Post Cards:

Rev. Lester R. Minion, 345 S. Park Rd., La Grange, Ill. (churches); Mrs. Arthur Kern, 623 South St., New Castle, Del.; Nancy Bell, 20 Elston St., Bloomfield, N.J.; Patsy Pepper, Dakota, Ill.; Mrs. Albert Abrahams, 4201 N. 18th St., Phoenix, Ariz.; Mary Phillips, 10 Indian Head Ave., Indian Head, Md.

Postmarks:

Mrs. Merle Snyder, R.D. 1, Mahaffey, Pa.; Mrs. Ernest J. Starr, Box 212, Hopkinton, Iowa (Iowa postmarks); Mrs. Mildred Bartlett, Rt. 1, Oakland, Me.

Recipes:

Mrs. W. Wyman Estey, Box 61 West Falmouth, Mass.

Salt and Pepper Shakers:

Mrs. Hilda K. Dickover, 3514 Janssen Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. J. Ferguson, PO Box 192, Ector, Tex.

Stamps:

Inge Nathusius, 222 Williams St., Hammond, Ind.; Mrs. Albert Bradford, R. 1, Box 79A, Centuria, Wis.; Mrs. William Gaggin, 16 Northern Ave., Gardiner, Me.; Rev. D. F. Gonzalo, 318 11th Ave., Seattle 22, Wash.; M. E. Wilson, 1320 S. 14th Ave., Yakima, Wash.; Nina M. Maxseiner, 1118 Chautauqua Blvd., Pacific Palisades, Calif.; M. H. Silcox, Dunnell, Minn.; W. Guthrie Piersel, 1137 S. 4th St. Court, Springfield, Ill.; Robert B. Fansher, 2850 NW 175 St., Opa-Locka, Fla.; Carrie M. Dempsey, Galena, Md.; George Van Sise, 1021 Madison Ave., Plainfield, N.J.; Rev. Chester E. Custer, 1306 Ave. H., Hawarden, Iowa; Mrs. Hazel E. Hayward, 44 Orange Ave., Milford, Conn.

Victrola Records, Operatic:

William H. Kale, PO Box 953, Greensboro, N.C.



"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph. D.

Teens Together

With an ex-teen-ager

Q What happens after you get mad and slap a girl? I'm 14. I've been going with a friendly girl who is 13. All of a sudden she got to acting silly. I started to kiss her good night and she put her hands up over her mouth. So I slapped her. I was sorry right afterward, but she wouldn't listen. Now she dates another boy. Shall I fight him?—H.K.

A Tell her you're sorry and are going to stop bothering her. You've lost her. Don't try to keep her from dating another boy. And don't fight him. Never try rough stuff with girls.

Q In my family we have a bothersome dog. When my girl friend spent the night with me the dog tore her clothes. My father just laughed about it. I think we should pay for those clothes. What do you think?—E.B.

A You should pay for her clothes or at least repair them. Next time, put her clothes in a tightly closed closet and shut the dog up for the night.

Q I'm a boy of 14. My best friend lives across the street. He's 14, too. All of a sudden he gets going around with girls. Will I ever be that way? I hope not!—C.B.

A Some boys become interested in girls earlier than others, but eventually they all do. You will, too.

Q Recently you said it is better for a Protestant girl not to have many dates with a Catholic boy. Your advice came a bit late for me. I'm engaged to a devout Catholic. Already we're having

arguments. I cannot understand why I'd have to be the one to give in and permit our children to be raised Catholics. Nor do I see why we would have to be married by a priest instead of my minister. Is he being fair to me?—K.N.

A You are beginning to see it takes more than love to make a good marriage. Protestant churches are more flexible in interfaith marriages than the Roman Catholic Church. If your husband-to-be is to stay true to his church he cannot compromise. Fairness doesn't enter into his decision. His children must be raised in his church. Conflict over such matters is one reason for the high divorce rate in interfaith marriages.

Q I'm a boy of 15. I've been going steady with a girl for over a year. All of a sudden I don't want to spend so much time with her. She hasn't changed, but I have. I want to go out with another girl. Dare I?—R.B.

A Yes. This problem is inevitable if you start going steady in the early teens. Be kind to your girl. Be sure she's the first one to know how you feel. Let her have a chance to save face. You'll probably change girl friends several times in the next few years.

Q How can I tell right from wrong? I'm 16 and secretly engaged to a boy of 17. I went to a meeting for engaged girls, led by a woman marriage counselor. The other girls were past 20. The counselor said that as long as engaged couples really love each other there need be no limits to their love-making. She said sex freedom before marriage makes for happiness after

marriage. My mother always told me the opposite. I asked our minister. He said the counselor was misguided and her advice dangerous. Still, it would be easy to believe her. She was wrong, wasn't she?—L.D.

A Yes, she was wrong. Many crimes are being committed in the name of marriage counseling. Ever since Dr. Kinsey said sex freedom before marriage might be good we've been plagued with bad marriage counseling. That meeting certainly was not for girls your age.

Our high Christian standards of right and wrong came from the Bible and clearly forbid premarital sex. There is a practical as well as an ethical basis for the prohibition. Those who ignore it find themselves in conflict at home, at school, and in the community. They are at war within themselves, too. They suffer spiritually. Go back to your minister. He will help you.

Q I'm a girl in high school and very small. I used to worry about it. Then I decided to make a joke of it. Now when anybody mentions my size I laugh and say something like, "It takes only a little dynamite to make a big explosion." That seems to satisfy everybody but my brother. He's 19 and in college. He tells me I'm not facing my problem. Is he right?—S.D.

A He is wrong. You're handling things nicely.

Q Is it right for my father to dictate my friendships? I'm a boy of 15. My buddy is the same age. However, his folks have troubles. They get drunk and fight. His younger sister is going



Reckoning Up The Good

By ROY L. SMITH

ALICE had been a devoted church woman most of her life and had given generously of time and interest to the work of the women's societies.

Then came a day when, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, she was terribly hurt. Some careless words were spoken, a hurried action was voted unanimously by her Circle, and she was left with a wound from which she suffered dreadful agonies.

In the midst of loneliness, while her tears were still flowing freely and her frantic prayers were little more than incoherent cries, God contrived to get a suggestion through her disordered thinking. It came in the form of the memory of an old gospel song she had sung hundreds of times—*Count Your Many Blessings*.

Lifting her head from her hands, and crossing the room to her desk, Alice got out a pencil and pad, and began doing that very thing.

At the top of the page she made a notation of a time, not long before, when she had received a kindness from one of the women who had inflicted the wound from which she now was suffering.

Then she jotted down the fact that when she had been given the chairmanship of an important committee the society had unanimously voted her its thanks. The vote had been accompanied by words of appreciation by the same president who had engineered the group's recent action.

One of the women who had voted the motion had come to Alice a few weeks earlier and had paid her a great compliment: she had confided in Alice a serious secret, saying, "I am telling you all this because I

know I can trust you." And that went down on the list.

By this time a considerable number of lovely memories were emerging. Within 15 minutes the list covered most of two sheets and some notations represented evidence of friendship and affection that were really significant. But best of all, Alice found herself in an entirely different frame of mind.

"It was not that the little exercise changed the facts in the least," she told her pastor. "I still think the women were careless and wrong. But when I began to make out the list I discovered that one cruel act did not represent the average of their attitudes.

"As a matter of fact," she continued, "I thought I would try an experiment. I tried to make another list of all the unkind and cruel things they had done in the last year, and I suddenly found myself humiliated. This recent thing was the only one I could think of. And when I balanced it against all the kindnesses I had received from them I decided that the scales were heavily overweighted in favor of the lovely. I therefore decided to overlook the affront and rejoice in the gracious."

Let us rejoice, too—in the spiritual victory Alice won in the midst of bitterness and woe. But let us also remember that God heard her when she prayed and sent her the suggestion to "count her many blessings."

There was no thunder from the clouds and no flash of light in the sky. In fact, there was no miracle of any kind that anyone could see or hear. But the Holy Spirit, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, pointed out the escape and Alice was sensible enough to accept the suggestion.

to have a baby. He himself is on probation. My father has forbidden me to go to my friend's home. He says I'm not to see him, except at school. Must I submit?—A.B.

A I think you should. Your dad knows that some good boys have done bad things when with the wrong companions. He is trying to keep you from getting into trouble and I suggest you follow his advice.

Q *One of our school friends went to a beauty parlor and had a bright color rinse put on her hair so it would match her new dress. When she went to school the teachers and principal were upset. They sent her home to get her hair shampooed. She was out of school quite a while. Where does our principal get the right to send her home?—L.A. and C.J.*

A The law gives your principal the power to do such things. He knows that odd fads can sweep through a school, upsetting classes. Part of his job is to prevent such fads from starting. That's what he is doing in this case.

Q *I fell in love with a wonderful boy at camp last year. He promised to write but never did. He lives several hundred miles away. I've learned that he has gone out with other girls all year. Boys in my classes have asked for dates but I've declined. I love that boy too much to go out with anyone else. Should I go to camp again and risk seeing him?—H.I.*

A All sensitive girls and boys go through the turmoil you are experiencing. They find they like a person much more than that person likes them. So they suffer. The quickest way to get over it is to force yourself to have dates with other boys. Live a normal life. Go to camp if you can. If the boy is there, treat him casually. Think of him as part of your education and nothing more.

GOT TEEN-AGE PROBLEMS?
Write to Dr. Barbour. As head of the public-school counseling system in San Diego, Calif., he knows the field and is expertly qualified to help you. Address him: Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

No "Stone Face" here as Sullivan swaps sallies with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz in TV rehearsal.



By Ed Sullivan
As told to Michael Shevidan

What Makes TV Stars Shine?

EVERY moment is a thriller!

That's my answer to a question I'm often asked: "What's the most memorable incident in your television career?" But if I'm really pressed, I tell about Josh Logan.

We were to do *The Josh Logan Story*—Josh's own life in the theater since he left Princeton. "You know," he confided between rehearsals, "at the height of my success I had a nervous breakdown and went to a sanatorium. I'd like to say something about that. . . ."

"It would be wonderful," I told him, "but it's up to you."

On the big night, Josh was standing backstage with Leland Hayward. The show had only 15 minutes to go. As I came off, he pulled me aside. "We're not going to get a chance to do that, are we?" he asked anxiously. "But it's the *only* thing I want to do! This is turning into just a parade of triumphs. It's galling. I want to do this other thing—to be of some help to people."

We quickly brought the act to a close and Josh stepped forward, terribly nervous.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he started, "this show is tremendously flattering to me—but I want to talk to you about the people who still cling to the old superstitions about a

mental breakdown. I am here to ask you to revise your whole thinking—because it happened to me. I was sent to a sanatorium."

Then he described his case and closed with a plea that mental illness not be treated with fear and shame. The audience was stunned for a moment—then went wild. I have never heard such a burst of applause.

That courageous act by Josh Logan helped rescue a floundering mental-health drive. It also led to changes in state laws and court decisions concerning the mentally ill.

Maybe it's a cause-effect relationship, but I've noticed the bigger the stars are the more they remember to do gracious little things. For example, when Margot Fonteyne returned to England, she timed a cable of appreciation to hit our next Sunday performance at exactly the moment I went on stage.

"Dear Ed," her telegram said, "Despite the five-hour difference of time and 3,000 miles separating us, we are thinking of you and the show. Please notify Ray Block that our music never has been played so well."

Completely unexpected, that cable was a gesture to warm the heart's cockles!

One of the really great new comedians of our time is "Mr. Pastry,"

an Englishman by the name of Richard Hearne. He was greatly struck by the very strong bond between the Dutch and the early days of New York. On his next trip, he brought me a 12-pound cannonball, dating back to 1637, as a gift. It was one of the missiles that had been fired by the Dutch fleet in a successful raid on England.

When I looked at that cannonball, and thought of anyone's taking the trouble to bring me an inconvenient thing like that, I was deeply touched.

Among the nicest people I know is Jack Benny. He is completely normal, thoughtful, sentimental. Once my wife and I went unexpectedly to Florida; nobody knew we were going—we didn't know ourselves until the last moment. But on Monday morning Jack telephoned. He'd traced us from New York just to say, "I wanted to tell you last night's show was great!"

You hear a lot about professional jealousy in the theater—the people who, though at the top, can never refrain from a little dig or disparaging comment on someone else's performance. I've learned that isn't true of the great actors. They are even more impressed by a rival's performance than the general audience.

I'm thinking of the night we were



In his memento-rich den and study, Sullivan works at a script as his wife serves up a late snack.

doing the *Robert E. Sherwood Story* when Alfred Lunt was to make his television debut in a scene from *There Shall Be No Night*. Lunt's scene was in a Finnish schoolroom, with guns thundering outside. Five distinct types of people who have a horror of war asked Lunt, as the Nobel Peace Prize winner, to explain war.

"There's often a necessity for it," he said, "but not much defense." Removing the Red Cross insignia from his sleeve, he strapped on a holster and gun, and as the curtain dropped he said: "There comes a time when one can't be passive about these things—when one must fight."

Standing in the wings were two other famous actors appearing in the show—James Mason and Raymond Massey. Silently they watched Lunt's rehearsal; then Mason said to Massey, "Thank God, I made one stipulation in my contract. I agreed to go on the show—provided I didn't have to follow Alfred Lunt."

With a sigh, Massey returned, "I wasn't that smart. Unfortunately I do have to follow him—but I'm doing Lincoln's farewell speech in Illinois and perhaps Lincoln will emancipate me as well as the slaves. I couldn't do it alone!"

Something else I've learned after eight years as emcee for CBS-TV "Toast of the Town" is that judging

an act is like reading a fever chart. Often I see kids who come up because of one record hit. If they're careless in rehearsal, sloppy in appearance, and become temperamental, I know they won't last. To go places, they need an eagerness inside that makes them rehearse until their act is flawless.

All the big ones, from Sophie Tucker to Gracie Fields, Boyer, Yehudi Menuhin and the rest, have a dedication to perfection and they'll rehearse to a point that's incredible. No effort is too great for a big personality to make sure that a tiny detail is perfect.

The English boy, David Whitfield, for example, not only has an exceptionally fine singing voice, but he's tireless in rehearsal. So is Beatrice Lillie. She may be doing a sketch she's done hundreds of times in revues, but she will rehearse and rehearse *and rehearse*—and then rehearse some more. She's just as rigid with self-criticism as in picking flaws in someone else.

Audrey Hepburn has been a new star over Broadway, but no one really knew whether she was going up or not. But I'd seen her work; I knew. She organized the rehearsals for her group, got them together, and rehearsed them backstage. Each time she came on the stage, Audrey knew exactly what she was doing—and so

did everyone around her. She was always amenable to suggestions, even on reading her lines. That, in my book, is a real "pro."

Hardest problem on my show is not the handling of the biggest names, but the small ones. I've never had to change my plans about the appearance of a star, but I've had to yank many a smaller act because of neglected rehearsals.

Some feel that what they've done for 20 years is good enough for five minutes before the TV cameras. But that's not so. Sixty seconds on TV is precious. A vignette of someone's talents that represents whole years of experience and performance has to stand out.

What always surprises me, though, is that big as they are, veteran performers can still suffer from stage fright. Rita Hayworth was almost palsied with fright before her TV debut. And once when Dorothy Lamour went out into the audience to put leis on Hopalong Cassidy and his wife, she walked right past them. She was so scared, she actually didn't recognize two of her best friends.

All sorts of unsuspected things come out that reveal characters when you work with big names, as I do.

Shortly after Ben Hogan's car accident, I asked him to go on my show after he finished the U.S. Open Golf Tournament in Philadelphia. His veins had been severed and tied off, and until the auxiliary veins grew strong enough to carry the extra load, the doctors had told him not to play more than nine holes a day lest the strain cripple him for life. But he had been playing 18 holes and because of a tie was facing a play-off of 36 holes.

I offered Ben \$1,000 for an appearance—win, lose, or draw. He said "You've got a deal." A few days later another TV producer offered him \$1,500 if I would release him. So I called Hogan and told him frankly, "I can't match it and I'd like to see you make the extra money. Feel free to accept it."

Hogan boiled! "Wait a moment!" he said. "You offered me \$1,000 win, lose, or draw. These other people sat back and waited until I won, and then offered \$1,500. You took a chance on me—and I'll stick with you!"

I like actors—but love audiences.

And I've learned much from them. The TV public is warm and affectionate, loyal to fine performers, and reacts quickly to inspiration. I remember well when Lillian Roth stepped onto our stage. Americans traditionally admire good sportsmanship and combat against heavy odds, and Lillian's fight against alcoholism of which she wrote so frankly in *I'll Cry Tomorrow* made her appearance memorable to the nation.

On our show we present Negroes not as buffoons or subnormal creatures, but as themselves and with dignity. Never once with a Negro performer have I had to question material, performance, or costume. As a group, Negro performers have the finest taste.

There used to be a legend in radio that any show using Negro performers would be automatically banned in the South. I refused to believe it and so our second "Toast of the Town" featured the Ink Spots—and we've always had a top rating in the South.

Audiences size up performers uncannily well. Mrs. Catherine Krizer, who won \$32,000 on the "\$64,000 Question" because of her astounding knowledge of the Bible, is a fine woman with a sense of humor and deep integrity. That these qualities were not missed by our TV audiences was evidenced by a tremendous volume of letters.

So it goes with TV. My every moment with it is a thriller—because from it I learn how fine and decent are so many of my fellow human beings. Maybe that's why friends say I grin more than I used to. Anyway, it has been a long time since someone has legitimately called me "The Great Stone Face."

How to lose—ad-libbing with Bob Hope.



The Link



VISITORS to our nation's capital often worship at New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, made nationally famous by the movie, *A Man Called Peter*, and by the fact that President Lincoln attended there. And, almost without exception, they are intrigued by an unusual Bible-opening ceremony which precedes each service—a simple, dignified rite some have suggested using in our Methodist churches.

Two minutes before the ringing of the chimes which marks the start of the service, the beadle enters, walks to the lectern, and carefully opens a large, heavy Bible resting there to the day's Scripture lesson. Because of the Bible's large size, this isn't quite the quick and easy task it sounds; it actually requires most of the two minutes before the service starts. The Bible opened, the beadle turns, opens a door to the pulpit, and the pastor strides briskly in. Then the beadle leaves.

This simple rite dates back to early Christianity and, in fact, has its roots in ancient synagogue services in which the Torah was carried in with reverence and worshipers even touched the sacred scroll with their ceremonial neck scarves. The Eastern branch of the Christian church carried on a similar procession and veneration of the Bible, but in the West the ceremony waned as the authority of the Bible lessened and that of the bishops and popes increased.

However, during the Reformation the age-old ceremony was restored.

This was particularly true in Scotland, the land with which the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church has especially strong ties.

In the Church of Scotland, the beadle carries the Bible and hymnal solemnly into the pulpit, puts them in place, and returns to the pastor's study. Then he precedes the minister to the stairs and stands while the pastor ascends into the pulpit, after which the beadle climbs the steps and closes the pulpit door.

As Dr. George M. Docherty, Scottish-born pastor of New York Avenue, explains it: "Like all other ceremonies, there lies a spiritual principle behind this little touch of liturgy. As the entrance of the mace symbolizes the corpus of law and justice, so the entrance of the Bible symbolizes the centrality of our worship—the declaration of God's holy Word."

Until recently, the Washington service opened with the carrying in of the Bible. But when a new Bible was received as a gift, it proved so heavy that the beadle was unable to lift it. To retain the symbolism, the church hit upon the Bible-opening ceremony as a substitute for the brief procession.

It has been found that the rite helps quiet the usual pre-service bustle, especially in a church attended largely by visitors; induces a worshipful, reverent air, and, to those familiar with church history, carries forward an age-old ceremony rich with meaning.

—GEORGIA HASTINGS

*All over the country
families are finding a new
challenge and opportunity
in students from abroad.*



Topic, home: In Tulsa, Okla., foreign students point out their native lands.

Hospitality U.S.A.

By PHYLLIS BRAUNLICH

IN HIS stimulating book, *Ambassador's Report* (Harper & Bros.) Chester Bowles tells of a non-Communist Indian student who visited both the U.S. and Russia. "In your country," he told Bowles, "I simply drifted around by myself. I was very lonely, and everywhere I saw the humiliating way people with my colored skin are treated."

"In Moscow I was met at the airport by a friendly guide, who did not leave my side until I started back to India. He took me to parties and meetings and into many homes. I had a wonderful time."

Bowles comments: "He completely overlooked the fact that in America he had been free to come and go and judge as he chose, while in Russia he had been given a rigidly guided tour with a policeman at his elbow."

Of the 40,000 students and visitors who come to America each year, too many carry home a similar false view of our life and people. They return without ever being inside an American home or meeting an American

family. Many class everyone they see here as Christians and so judge Christianity, without ever learning what real Christianity means. Worse, when they return home they will be considered experts on America and Americans.

With this in mind, our family decided to invite foreign students from the University of Tulsa to our home. We first invited two students from India for Thanksgiving dinner. We have been inviting students ever since.

We find that meeting people from other cultures helps us see ourselves in new perspective. I especially remember the time we took an Indian student to see the Tulsa Oilers play baseball.

We couldn't help but see how impressed he was when the one Negro player, Marvin Williams, came up to bat. The fans yelled encouragement and applauded as Marv ran the bases. Just one incident like this can counteract many exaggerated stories of racial strife and violence in our country.

In general, we entertain our student guests quietly as we do our other friends. They seem deeply appreciative. As some were saying good-bye one evening, one of them turned to me and said thoughtfully, "When we are in your homes, we remember our own homes so far away." This was more than enough thanks for my trouble.

The Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students has long been urging Americans to entertain foreign guests in their homes. They make these helpful suggestions:

1. Be yourself. The students want to be treated like your family.
2. In planning food, remember religious taboos. Generally, Hindus and Buddhists do not eat beef; some are strict vegetarians. Moslems and Jews do not eat pork or ham. Chicken is usually a safe dish.

Our eating customs are strange to some, particularly those from the East. If necessary, make tactful suggestions to help your guests.

It is not necessary to have them



Friend maker: An informal cup of coffee breaks the ice in any language. The author's guest on this occasion is a young woman student from Finland.



From far-off India: Comparing national customs and swapping homeland anecdotes make up some of the pleasantest times—as this couple and their Indian visitor are learning.

for dinner every time, although there is good fellowship over a shared meal. Students also enjoy an informal evening of visiting.

3. Make the student feel you invited him for himself, because you are interested in him and his country, not from any feeling of pity or duty. It is best to invite at least two at a time, but have the group small enough for good conversation.

Always invite a guest back at least a second time. Otherwise he may think he failed to win your approval.

4. Remember the facts of student life. His first job is to study. He may refuse an invitation in exam period, but time probably hangs heavily on his hands during vacation. Also, he is not apt to have much money to spare. Don't burden him with extra expenses such as taxi fare to your home.

5. You and your family will enjoy the visit more if you take time beforehand to learn something about his country. Look it up in an encyclopedia or at the library. Then you will be able to ask more intelligent questions.

6. To make the first moments easier, learn to pronounce his name correctly in advance. If he has trouble with English, speak slowly and clearly, but not loudly. Feel free to help him with a word or define a new one.

He might also like to be shown around the house. Don't forget the

library, hobby room, and record albums. We may increase our reputation for materialism by putting too much emphasis on the dishwasher and freezer.

7. If a visitor offers to help with the dishes, let him—but don't have him feel this is expected.

8. Good conversation starters are family life in his country, the role of women, food and eating habits, educational systems, area of study, his life at college here, and future plans.

Avoid controversial matters of politics or religion unless the student seems inclined to discuss them. Some believe that religious differences should not be discussed. Others seek to convert their guests to their way of thinking. Either attitude is dangerous.

If Christians fail to affirm their beliefs and deny the importance of religion in their lives, they are misrepresenting themselves and Christianity. On the other hand, if the purpose of a supposedly social invitation is really to proselytize, then all mutual understanding and respect will be destroyed.

It is this mutual understanding which in the long run will serve both parties best and make their meeting a mutually enriching experience.

A friend tells of a Thanksgiving dinner she will always remember, when a group of students gathered

with her family around the table. They all joined hands and each was invited to say a mealtime prayer. At that table, prayers were said in the Mohammedan, Zoroastrian, Buddhist, Roman Catholic, and Protestant faiths. In the warm feeling of fellowship, the students said this was the first American home they had been in where prayers were said before meals!

You may arrange for students to visit you by writing or phoning the foreign students' counselor in any nearby university. Students sometimes visit smaller towns for weekends. They often express a desire to see more of small towns, rather than only the big cities.

Or, by writing the Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, 291 Broadway, New York City 7, you may be able to arrange for students and visitors to stay overnight in your home occasionally as they travel through your area.

While we are contributing millions of dollars to truth crusades, technical assistance, and mission programs, here is something additional that we can do right in our own communities.

Who knows but that some of us may be, if not a guide on the way for some wayfaring stranger, at least a symbol of the everlasting strength and beauty of true American and Christian living?

Light Unto My Path

*A friend loves at all times,
and a brother is born for adversity.—Proverbs 17:17*

ONCE in a rescue-mission meeting I asked a boy to define friendship. His reply was: "A friend is a guy who knows all about you and still loves you." The definition may not have been original, but I am sure that in the school of experience on the streets and alleys that boy had learned how precious friendship can be.

Few of us are equally lovable at all times. We certainly were not as children; grown older, we frequently retain some childhood traits. St. Paul boasts, "When I became a man I put away childish things," and that may have been true of him—but history cannot record many St. Pauls.

Through the years we develop differently in appearance, habits, and interests. Some of us are successful and some are rated failures. A friend who loves us in all our changes recognizes in us qualities that for him transcend physical shortcomings and character differences.

Sometimes differences even increase the bond of love in friendship, as in the affection of a vigorous person for a weak one, or of a parent for an invalid child. This truth is given eternal value in some words of Jesus as recorded by St. John:

"As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. . . . This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you."

"You are my friends . . . no longer do I call you servants . . . but I have called you friends."

"Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

This friendship is the heritage of all Christians. No less quality of friendship is worthy of one.

Prayer: O God, our father, help us to attain that quality of friendship that surmounts all barriers and hindrances and finds its perfect fulfillment in thee. Amen.

—HAROLD A. MCCURDY



Harold A. McCurdy
Jamestown, N.Y.



James Tilden Browning
Huntington, W.Va.

*Seek good, and not evil, that
you may live; and so the Lord,
the God of hosts, will be with
you, as you have said.—Amos
5:14*

GOODNESS and evil are similar in that both are powerful forces in the world. The difference lies in this. Goodness is a positive and constructive force while evil is a negative and destructive force. Goodness acts in harmony with the laws of life; evil works in harmony with the laws of death.

The late Merton Rice used to tell about a man found slain in an alley in a Western city. All the circumstantial evidence pointed to one man as his murderer. The dead man was not recognized by anyone in the community and he had nothing on his person to identify him. No one had ever seen him. The suspected murderer was acquitted on the ground that it could not be proved that the man had ever been alive. This is not the only time that a man has gone through life without making any impression on the world about him. It is possible for a man to be good, but good for nothing.

Goodness is something one seeks. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." "Seek good, and not evil . . ." One does not have to seek evil. Just to do nothing is evil. Just leave life alone and evil will take over.

Dr. E. Stanley Jones tells about finding a little flower, the only living thing he saw, among the

ruins of Babylon. He picked it up and asked it: "Why is it, little flower, that you lived and this great empire died?" The little flower answered: "I obeyed the laws of God written in my nature; I lived. The Babylonians disobeyed the laws of God written in their nature; they died." The moral of our text, therefore, is, "Seek the Lord and live."

Prayer: O God, eternal Father, thou who hast pronounced thy judgment upon the course of evil, and hast made clear that righteousness is the road to life, impress this truth again upon our hearts and minds. Remind us again that to give way to evil is to surrender life to the way of death, and that to seek goodness and to do good is the way that leads to life. This we ask in the name of Christ, who is our example and redeemer of life. Amen.

—JAMES TILDEN BROWNING

*I am a companion of all who
fear thee, of those who keep
thy precepts.—Psalm 119:63*

MAHATMA GANDHI was turned away from the doors of a Christian church in his youth because of the color of his skin. Because someone failed to be a companion to Gandhi as he tried to keep God's precepts, the Christian church lost a dynamic personality.

Would Jesus of Nazareth, a dark-skinned Jew, be welcome in your church? Or would he, like



Edward W. Heacock
Whitehouse, Tex.



Laird V. Loveland
Greeley, Colo.



James H. Elder
Memphis, Tenn.

Gandhi, be rejected because of his complexion? Are you and I truly companions to all who fear God and keep his precepts, or are we brotherly only to those within our own little spheres of interests and activities?

If we honestly believe in the fatherhood of God and the Christian brotherhood of all men, we will learn to select our companions on the basis of their spiritual qualities and not upon external appearances.

Among the companions of my student days were several who differed from me in appearance, yet loved God and kept his precepts. There was Isam Nazmi Anabtwi, Arabian, my roommate; Kairo Oguro, Methodist minister who lost his family at Hiroshima; James Farmer, brilliant minister of Negro ancestry, and Alex Lederer, Jewish engineer in Palestine.

A person becomes color blind in the presence of companions such as these God-fearing men. Souls are not saved because of the color of the bodies which are their temporary residence. We should be companions of all who love God.

Prayer: Eternal God, thou who hast created us in thy image, as we come before thee we remember that all is not well between us and our brothers. Give us courage to go and be reconciled to our brothers that we might be worthy to come and offer to thee our gifts of worship. Amen.

—EDWARD W. HEACOCK

Whatever your task, work heartily, as serving the Lord and not men.—Col. 3:23

THE late Dr. C. K. Vliet of our Board of Missions enjoyed telling of his early life when as a boy of 13 he was forced to leave school to help earn the family livelihood. He helped his father with the painting and paper-hanging trade, finally becoming quite skillful at this line of work.

One day his father returned from a neighboring town with a package under his arm and young "C. K." was given the privilege of opening it. The package contained letterheads and the youngster was visibly disappointed. "But," said his father, "look at the letterhead." Then it was that the boy received one of the greatest thrills of his life. His father, realizing how much help his son now was to him, had had new letterheads made with the imprint, "C. K. Vliet & Son—Paper-hangers." The boy had become a full-fledged workman with his father.

If we work heartily at whatever our task might be "as serving the Lord," we, too, discover that it is a tremendous thrill to be recognized as a "co-worker together with God."

Prayer: Our father, give us zest and enthusiasm for our daily tasks and the ability to see thy purposes for us in the commonplace experiences of life. Amen.

—LAIRD V. LOVELAND

And you are my sheep, the sheep of my pasture, and I am your God, says the Lord God.—Ezekiel 34:31

JESSE STUART, the mountain poet and writer, tells of the time when, as a schoolteacher, he walked a dozen miles across the mountains to get books for the hungry minds of his students. As he returned, in the late afternoon, a snowstorm enveloped him and he became lost in the darkness of the mountains. With tree limbs and whatever was at hand he built a crude hut to protect himself and waited for the morning. Before dawn he slept and was awakened by the brilliance of sunshine on the snow. He was only a few paces from the path to his father's house!

The whole 34th chapter of Ezekiel is the picture of a generation lost in the darkness of the storm.

The chapter ends, however, with the bursting light of the morning sun. God assures his people, as always, that in spite of darkness and despair his love still surrounds them. This assurance is given in the closing verse of the chapter—"And you are my sheep, the sheep of my pasture, and I am your God, says the Lord God."

Prayer: O Lord, hear our petition! May we, facing the hazards of living in this century, discover through thy spirit a path that leads to the house of our Father. In Jesus' name, Amen.

—JAMES H. ELDER

Looks at New Books



One of the famous drawings in C.M.R., Charles M. Russell, Cowboy Artist.

What a skillful novelist can do to history with a skimmer is pleasantly exhibited in the late **Phil Stong's** *Gold in Them Hills* (Doubleday, \$3.50). It's the foam, flavored with his own garrulous whimsey and lively satire, which the author blew from the copious cups of California's gold-rush history. Easy to read—but, lacking an index, not to be relied upon heavily if your thirst for history runs deep.

Stong laces his pages with allusions to and quotes from various narratives, including lore from his own grandfather—"a good Methodist" from Iowa. But, straining to demonstrate how wrong most historians are, he throws his own account off balance. A good illustration of this is his slight and slighting glance at efforts to introduce religion through the Golden Gate.

No, though Barnabas has a weakness for Western lore, he prefers not to edge very far out on the limb of applause for this item.

Another Montana "shadow catcher" is limned by words in C.M.R., *Charles M. Russell, Cowboy Artist* (Twayne, N.Y., \$4). The writing is faulty and the printing isn't first-class, but **Austin Russell** does communicate a feeling of acquaintance with his famous uncle.

Charlie Russell was born in a well-to-do family in 1864 at St. Louis, but at 16 started cowboying in Montana. He died there in 1926, an artist with honor in his home town of Great Falls. During his lifetime, his pictures and bronzes sold for tidy sums—thanks in large part to the business acumen of his beauteous wife—but they now bring prices running into five figures.

Charlie counted as friend the Rev. W. W. (Brother Van) Van Orsdel, Methodism's famous Montana missionary-minister, whom he painted. The portrait shows him, Nephew Austin reports, as a young man "in long coat and

big hat, on horseback, shooting buffalo." Brother Van was delighted with it, but not the artist. "It's off my range," he told Austin. "I'm no portrait painter."

Barnabas wonders where that painting of Brother Van is now. Does any reader know?

If you want to adopt a child, you are facing stiff competition. But if you are flexible in the specifications of the kind of child you can accept, if you are warmhearted enough to rise above your needs to consider the special needs of some hard-to-place child, then you will find the new book by **Carl and Helen Doss**, *If You Adopt a Child* (Henry Holt & Co., \$4.95), a valuable guide. The Dosses adopted a dozen children of several nationalities, told of their experiences in *They Adopted the 'UN'* in *TOGETHER* last April.

In recent weeks there's been a run of books about Tibet, that vast, lofty, and mysterious realm at the roof of the world. In addition to Robert Ford's, here are two others:

The Third Eye by **T. Lobsang Rampa** (Doubleday, \$3.50).

God's Fool by **George Patterson** (Doubleday, \$3.50).

Rampa, a Tibetan lama, has some amazing things to tell us about powers few Westerners seem to have mastered. For example, he says correct breathing "enables Tibetan adepts to sit naked on ice, 17,000 feet or so above sea level, and keep hot, so hot that the ice is melted and the adept freely perspires."

Or: "The aura which surrounds the body, and which anyone can be taught to see under suitable conditions, is merely a reflection of the Life Force burning within . . . It was this aura, among other things, which I was going to be able to see when the Third Eye was opened."

Rampa acknowledges that many readers won't believe some of the things he writes about, but insists that time will prove him to be both truthful and accurate.

Patterson is described as a rather unconventional member of the Plymouth Brethren. Whether foolhardy or the bravest of men, he undertook a perilous journey from China to India, encountering landslides, bandits, unimaginable cold, and a series of bridges horrifying in their insecurity. Here is a travel book with religious overtones, perhaps one of the last to come out of Tibet as long as the area is under control of Reds.

Many of us have decided convictions on political measures but aren't sure how to implement these beliefs. A helpful new pamphlet now is available from the Service Department, Methodist Board of Temperance, 100 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington 2, D.C.

Beliefs Into Action, only 15¢, tells concisely how Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen can do something about proposed legislation.

We were amused to see this comment from a fellow reviewer, Walter Kerr, of *The New York Herald Tribune*: "It is possible that all pamphlets on the proper rearing of children should be written by people who have never had any; having them simply confuses the issue."

If you haven't spent an afternoon at Yankee Stadium this summer, or if your favorite team isn't high enough in the first division to have pennant hopes this hot August day, chances are your enthusiasm for the game is at fever pitch anyway. Baseball is that way. Even the women who never go near a ball park talk batting averages, home runs, and relief pitchers in the same deadly earnest they devote to the price

of butter and eggs the rest of the year. Baseball does that to people.

Whatever your league, you can be correct beyond challenge in this great year of the greatest of all sports if you spend a few hours with a laugh-and fact-packed little volume by **Fred Schwed**: *How to Watch a Baseball Game* (Harper & Brothers, \$2.50).

Here, for the novice, is a careful delineation of what the game's all about—how to watch it, what not to watch, how to read the box score, even to a thoughtful footnote on the geographic location of first base. And for the avid, long-time followers of the ups, downs, ins, and outs of all manner of baseball statistics, here is the whole record wrapped up in a sidesplitting chapter entitled: "Statistics: The Wonderful versus the Probable."

The importance of baseball statistics was never more valiantly defended than a few years ago when it was suggested that the playing season be made longer than the historic 154 games. As Schwed reports it, this little ground swell was intended to extend the season so that each team played one more game against every other team. He goes on, "The basic idea was one usually applauded in our country—to make more money for everybody. The suggestion came from the 'Magnates.' (In case anyone doesn't know, the 'Magnates' are the bad guys. The players and the public and everyone else, except perhaps some umpires, are the good guys.)"

"This reasonable request to try and make a little more dough was howled down by practically everybody. This was not because anyone was opposed to making more money, or even seeing someone else, like the Magnates, do it. The overwhelming objection was that it would invalidate the records which had all been predicated on the same number of big-league games per season. Not just the Babe's unforgettable accomplishment, but all the other records, too, most strike-outs, double plays, errors, stolen bases, and stolen towels. The archivists won out, and nearly every-

one heaved a sigh of relief. Thus the fan, when he saw something unusual at a game he happened to attend, could still look it up and have the pleasure of finding out just how unusual it was."

This tongue-in-cheek treatise on the great American sport goes on to examine a variety of records: Ruth's 60 home runs, Rip Collins' quiet afternoon at first base for the Cubs, when he never once got his hands on the ball, and so on. In the matter of the infield-fly rule, Schwed becomes downright loquacious.

Leo Hershfield's drawings make this little volume even more amusing. And if you didn't see all his characters the last time you went to a ball game—Well, look around you next time; they'll be there.

I recently visited the trade exhibit of the American Booksellers' convention, where publishers display their wares. Booksellers are an enthusiastic lot. I watched them move from one publisher's exhibit to another and it brought to mind the dilemma of my youth in a penny-candy store: Just so much to spend, and how to spread it around amongst all the tempting goodies.

Fall and winter should be exciting months at the Barnabas household with so many promising books coming out.

With a true interviewer's spirit and knowledge—and a deep love for art—**Selden Rodman** has approached 35 of America's top painters, sculptors, and architects, and come forth with a collection of artists' theories on art, trends, and one another. The book is *Conversations With Artists* (Devin-Adair, \$4).

Rodman's art knowledge allowed him to fire explosive questions at the masters. He was not afraid to air his likes and dislikes—and this often opened more intimate conversations than interviewers achieve.

To gain a better understanding of art today and the humans behind it, or just for enjoyable reading, these

conversations have much to offer.

As Alexander Eliot puts it in his foreword: "If you want to go on living quietly with your present ideas about modern art, don't read Rodman. Whatever your view, he'll surprise you often, disillusion you some, make you laugh, make you mad, and prove conclusively that there is more to modern art in America than you dreamed."

What would you say is the most popular book ever written by an American? According to a recent survey by Columbia University Press, it's **Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn**. Heading the list of world-wide favorites is *Alice in Wonderland*, written by Lewis Carroll, a Briton; *Huck Finn*, topping the U.S.-written works, placed second. Another American writer doesn't turn up until No. 10—and that's **Herman Melville** with *Moby Dick*. Of all writers, **Charles Dickens** led the list with 12 of his books nominated. Of these, *Pickwick Papers* received the most votes and held fifth place in the poll.

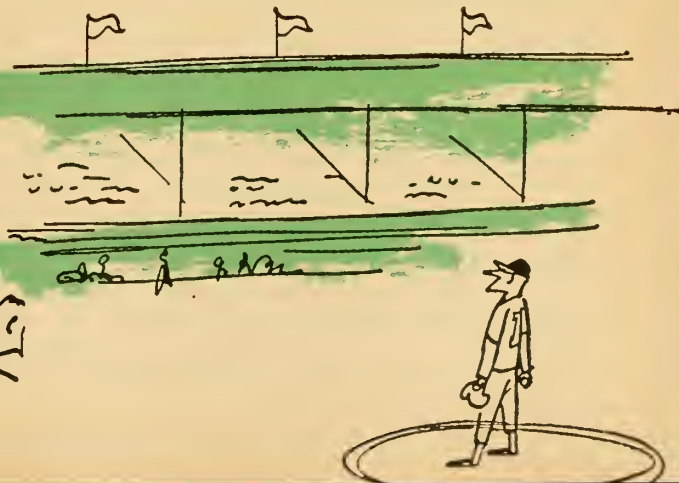
Ordinarily Barnabas doesn't review fiction. We like to leave the new novels to Bishop Gerald Kennedy. But every now and then I like to step back into some of those wonderful old stories of the past.

Such an opportunity came the other night when I picked up a 35-cent booklet titled *The Night Before Chancellorsville*, a collection of 10 Civil War stories edited by **Shelby Foote** (Signet, 35 cents). For the eleventh time I read **Ambrose Bierce's** shivery *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge* and **Stephen Crane's A Young Soldier's First Battle**. Crane's story is a masterpiece. You'll remember his *The Red Badge of Courage*, one of the great war stories of all time. Crane, son of a Methodist minister, died before he was 30—but not before his brilliant writing had attracted the attention, high praise, and friendship of outstanding writers and editors.

In fiction, he was one of the first



Leo Hershfield's drawings add a lively touch to *How to Watch a Baseball Game*.





Church played
an important part in
Never a Day So Bright.

realists, one of the first to write about American boys as they really are. *The Red Badge of Courage* is as vivid and up-to-date in style today as any masterpiece that may be written day after tomorrow.

The overtones of moral law and truth found in nursery rhyme, legend, and parable are uncovered in **Glenn Clark's** *Voice of God in the Folk Lore*. The exploration of the conscious, sub-conscious, and superconscious through story, the similarity of all folk legend, and the value of these in our knowledge are linked to show the relation to the parables of Jesus and their difference in degree of enlightenment. The symbolism used in many cases originates in the mind of the author and can be enjoyed as interpretation.

This month's nostalgic glance at the good old days comes from north of the border—Ontario. **Kate Aitken's** *Never a Day So Bright* (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., \$3.50) portrays the life of a daughter of the town's leading merchant and his provident wife. Mrs. Aitken's rich recollections cover the years of her sturdy, sometimes stern, and always stimulating girlhood. Her keen memory brings into sharp focus such diverse subjects as an entrepreneur father's "special" mixture of tea (selling at 25¢ per pound, never a reduction!), a dust-laden description of "that divine unrest that women call house cleaning," and Methodist church suppers.

The Katie Scott of this book became Mrs. Kate Aitken in 1917. Her first major project was a successful home-canning business; since then she has come to be one of the best-known women in Canadian public life, famed for her work on radio and television.

Mrs. Barnabas read this one, too. After reading of what went on behind the scenes in the millinery shops of Victorian days, she remarked rather pointedly that I should stop fussing

about women's hats. Headgear history has been repeating itself for centuries, it seems, with milady falling prey to the wiles and ways of hat designers. And, I thought to myself, her man will continue to pay the tab and is thereby entitled to make a few grumbling remarks.

Betsy K., a 10-year-old bundle of energy who lives near us, stumbled into the kitchen one morning not long ago and asked her doting parent, "Mother, do you *always* stand at attention when they play *The Star-Spangled Banner*?" "Well, yes, I'd say so," replied her mother. "Why do you ask?" A long sigh from Betsy. Then: "Well, I guess

it's all right. Only I forgot to turn off my radio last night and they woke me at half past five this morning playing that piece. But I got up and stood beside the bed while it lasted. Made Timmy [the dog] get up, too. Then we went back to sleep right away."

You folks down Missouri-Arkansas way, so long the brunt of jokes by those not fortunate enough to live in beautiful Ozarkland, have a defender in **Mrs. Elsie Davis DeForest**, author and teacher in the North Kansas City public-school system.

Mrs. DeForest's *Out of My Cabin* (Christopher Publishing House, \$3) is the simple, but absorbing journal of the years she spent with her ailing husband and mother in a small cabin in the Ozarks near Neosho, Mo. Barnabas—who once spent many a summer in this forested, well-watered, unspoiled country—can vouch for the accuracy of Mrs. DeForest's observations. She's an active Methodist, by the way, and a sympathetic student of her fellow man.

"I present this book for individuals everywhere to read, enjoy, and extract the good found within its pages, but I shall be most disappointed if the people of the Ozark region fail to enjoy the reading of this résumé of our Ozark experience. . . . We did not choose to live

Home Town Librarian



Among the books, in quietude,
An unseen presence hovering near—
We find seclusion. She presides
And welcomes all who enter here
Seeking this haven which provides
Peace and a restful atmosphere.

It isn't any word she speaks,
Nor yet the book she recommends
That makes you linger for a while
To speak of literary trends.
It's her unspoken thoughts—her smile—
The look that says, "We two are friends!"

—ROWENA CHENEY

Browsing in Fiction

When we are healthy spiritually we move from one mood to another without any sense of going outside the realm of religion. Our pilgrimage may lead us from humor to satire to sorrow to criticism, but we have no sense of being more religious in one mood than another. A mistake that a good many people make is to assume that the religious man is always sentimental or sorrowful. Strangely enough, the magazine that best illustrates this truth seems to be *The New Yorker*. In some ways it is the last word in sophistication and satire, yet from time to time it brings us a most serious article. You may recall that it gave almost a complete issue to John Hersey's *Hiroshima*. In the issue of last May 4, it had a long story or short novel that seems to me to be worth commenting on. I refer to:

ZOOEY, by J. D. Salinger (*The New Yorker*, May 4, 20¢)

If you read *The Catcher in the Rye*, you know about this author's style and delightful off-beat point of view. This is the story of a remarkable family whose children were famous on a quiz program, "It's a Wise Child." They were all precocious youngsters and were described for many people in the words of Phyllis McGinley, "I think that I shall never see, a quiz kid who appeals to me." At any rate, they now have grown up. One of them has committed suicide; another is away from home teaching and comes into the story through a long letter he has written to his brother. The plot centers around the boy, Zooey, and his sister, who is talented and at present interested in religion. I must warn you that Zooey uses profanity without knowing that he is using it and that his attitude toward religion is not exactly orthodox. I was interested in this yarn, however, because it seems to indicate a new concern on the part of the sophisticates for spiritual things. Nor is this concern only a shallow matter. I read it with great pleasure but my wife did not. Unfortunately, I must confess that she is usually right.

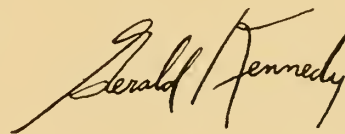
THE SPIRAL ROAD, by Jan de Hartog (*Harpers*, \$4.95)

This is a real book and you ought not to plunge into it unless you expect to go down deep. I do not mean it is a dull book, but it deals with some of the ultimate questions

of life. It centers around the Dutch East Indies and a young doctor who agreed to serve in the East India medical service because it was the only way he could get through medical school. There is an older doctor who is a great man, though rough and sometimes vulgar. There is a subplot dealing with a conversion of a prostitute and a thief, which in itself would make a great novel. Once again, I say that this will not sound like orthodox Christianity to some people, but it is certainly a profoundly religious book. It is the kind of book that Kierkegaard might have written, for it assumes that until a man has reached the bottom of the abyss he will not experience the full meaning of salvation. This is one of the best novels I have read this year.

THE CRUEL COCKS, by Garland Roark (*Doubleday*, \$3.75)

I do not know if you have read any of the books that deal with bullfighting. I have read several and, if I can help it, I will read no more. I get tired of the attempt to turn this brutal sport into something noble. I am not up to appreciating that "moment of truth" the boys talk about just before a poor, tortured, tormented animal is at last put out of its agony. Here is a book that portrays cockfighting as exciting and dramatic, but at the end turns away from it completely to give a moral conclusion to the whole affair. It centers around a small boy who finds a half-dead fighting cock and brings it back to health. He becomes a first-rate promoter and manager for this "sport." Even the teacher and priest wink at it. And then, finally, when his favorite cock is killed, we are asked to believe that he is going to forget the whole business and turn toward painting, for he has artistic talent. The end is as phony as a \$3 bill. In fact, the novel never succeeds in becoming much more than a second-rate story. It would probably make a successful movie or TV show.



BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

in the Ozarks; neither did the Ozarks beckon to us to partake of its loveliness. Our sojourn there was destiny. We had nothing to offer, nothing to contribute that could enhance even one foot of Ozark soil. . . ."

I must disagree with that last statement, Mrs. DeForest. You had plenty to offer, if this excellent 180-page portrait of an enchanted region is any indication.

Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke is relatively unknown here in America—or *was* until *The Turn of the Tide* by **Arthur Bryant** (Doubleday,

\$6.95) made its appearance. Alanbrooke was Chief of the Imperial General Staff and was one of Churchill's closest advisers on military matters. Very much in the middle of things during World War II, he kept a candid diary which recorded his impressions of the world leaders he knew intimately. If you're still trying to understand World War II, this one should help.

"The sun sank low in the Arctic sky, then disappeared for the winter, and Delisle (a Canadian Mountie) had to travel by moonlight. He froze his nose, ran out of provisions and had to live off

the land, catching fish and hunting. It took him 98 days to reach Pond Inlet. Going and coming he had covered 3,550 miles, interviewed 750 Eskimos, recorded 50 births, 52 deaths, two marriages and gained 20 pounds in weight."

Delisle is just one of the Mounties you'll meet in **Alan Phillips'** *The Living Legend—The Story of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police* (Little, Brown, \$4). (Note: Delisle was an athletic man who jumped out of bed every morning for a snow bath at 30 below zero. Even the Eskimos thought him mad.) The author takes you across



The Wicked Flea

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

All day long the little boy had been naughty. When he said his prayers at bedtime his mother advised him to "tell God how bad you were today and ask him to forgive you."

"You'd better ask him, Mom," he told her. "I don't think he's speaking to me."

—MRS. L. M. KELLEY, *Skaneateles, N.Y.*

We Sunday-school teachers wanted to impress our charges, so we asked the pastor to wear his pulpit robe next time he visited the classes. He did—and his flowing robes and swooping hood with bright-red trimming were impressive.

Then I heard one awe-struck boy whisper to another: "Golly, Joe; he looks like Superman!"

—BONNIE Z. HALEY, *Phoenix, Ariz.*

The minister was describing Judgment Day: "Thunder will roar; flames will shoot from the heavens; floods, storms, earthquakes will devastate the world."

Wide-eyed, the little boy turned to his mother. "Mom," he whispered, "will I get out of school?"

—CHARLES GAGE, *Atlanta, Tex.*

Trying to impress on her pupils the need for more missionaries, the Sunday-school teacher told of a native who broke his arm and had it set at a crude jungle hospital. And there he learned the first rudiments of the meaning of Christianity.

"Soon," she went on, "he returned to his village. Now tell me; how could he learn more about the Christian religion?"

One eager little boy raised his hand. "He could break his other arm."

—BETTY GORSUCH, *Hermosa, S.D.*

Send in your favorite church-related chuckle. If we print it, you'll receive \$5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned.—Eds.

75 years of Mountie adventuring, from the taming of Sitting Bull (he came north after the massacre of Custer and his men) to the latest Mountie undercover work against Soviet spies.

The commander of the second *Mayflower* was **Alan Villiers**, who has written some 20 books about the sea and his seagoing adventures. His latest is *Wild Ocean* (McGraw-Hill, \$5), the story of the North Atlantic and the men who sailed it. This relatively small portion of the world's oceans has been of greater importance to man than all others put together, according to Villiers. He looks back to adventures on these waters by Phoenicians and Vikings, then forward to plans to build an atom-powered liner as a sister ship to the luxurious *United States*. And, needless to say, Villiers is probably busy right now on his next book—the story of the second *Mayflower*.

A few years ago any new book that cost \$10 was practically unheard of—particularly if it was being published for popular consumption. Well, here comes one priced at \$13.50—and well worth it for anyone who has that much unused coin. Were there only one like it, I can imagine pilgrims coming from all over the world to examine this rare and beautiful book.

I'm referring to *Life* magazine's beautiful and comprehensive *The World's Great Religions* (distributed by Simon and Schuster, Inc.). The articles are authoritative, many of the photographs and paintings are in full color. The introduction was written by the late Dr. Paul Hutchinson, a distinguished Methodist minister. Three years of intensive work and planning went into this big book.

After Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of *THE NEW CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, took a look, he commented:

"Believers of all faiths may well be grateful for this magnificent book, which proves that religion is not only the most important but the most interesting subject in the world. Here is a course in comparative religion, not done in the manner of the scholar but in that of the journalist, with all the colorful arts he knows so well . . . Christianity—the largest and most widespread religion on earth—appropriately takes up almost half of the book, but Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, and Islam are also well presented. The job probably should have been done by a church paper, but none could have done it better and few would have treated this subject as well."

Speaking of handsome, expensive books, here's a new Bible just published by William Collins & Son at \$20. This is one of the choicest I have seen since Hawthorn's *Heirloom Bible* described here several months ago. The *Mayflower Edition of the King James Bible*, produced in Scotland, attests the craftsmanship of old-world printers.

At the time of this writing, a case of these fine Bibles has arrived in America aboard the second *Mayflower* to commemorate the voyage of the first *Mayflower* in 1620. But a "replica edition"—limp Morocco leather, large type, and all—is available. Interleaved between the Old and New Testaments are pages for family records.

Perhaps you've heard the one about the father who explained the five telephones in the hall to a visitor; "Well, you see, we have five teenage daughters."

A bit farfetched, we think, but teenage telephone manners are a big problem today. **Carol Gish**, in *Tips to Teen-Agers* (Warner Press, 75¢), gives courtesy—both at and away from home—the full treatment. Accompanying the text is a generous sprinkling of droll cartoons. Well within the allowance



The household telephone monopoly is given a gentle nudge in this cartoon. Youngsters will like the way manners are presented in Tips to Teen-Agers.

range of the MYF group, this little book is a good source of know-how to the boy or girl in early teens.

For your corral of books about the West, I suggest *Before Barbed Wire* by **Mark H. Brown** and **W. R. Felton** (Henry Holt, \$10). It's pictures, largely; well-reproduced photographs of early-day Montana by L. A. Huffman of Miles City.

He started out with a wet-plate camera. With the eye of an artist and the soul of a historian he recorded the cowpunching era as it really was. Charles M. Russell, the painter, once was asked by a Montana cowpoke, "Where'd yuh

find all them good-lookin' cowboys yuh put in yer pitchers?" No one ever had reason to quiz Huffman thataway.

Cowboys, Indians, roundups, dirt-roofed log cabins, cattle, and sheep are here. But I missed "Brother Van"—the Rev. W. W. Van Orsdel, Methodist sky pilot, friend of Charlie Russell and of Montana's low and high in those robust days.

The authors did well, mingling scholarship with readable text. And, for once, here's a Western historical book satisfyingly complemented with maps, notes, and indexes.

When the men of Moses scouted the land of milk and honey, they returned with stories of "giants." Archaeologists, digging into the desert, haven't found the skeletons of giant men but they have found the ruins of giant cities. It may be, according to *Biblical Archaeology* (Westminster, \$15) that Moses' spies found cities so huge and towering that they believed they were inhabited by giants. That's one of many interesting theories in this book, which traces man from Genesis through Exodus from Egypt to the days of Christ and the spread of Christianity to Rome. The average reader won't be able to afford it, but the well-to-do and rabid student of ancient history will have a field day with this plush tome.

Comes a note from Harold Ewing of the General Board of Education of The Methodist Church about what he considers "one of the finest books in the area of adolescent behavior and psychology." He recommends *Your Adolescent at Home and in School* by Lawrence K. and Mary Frank (Viking, \$3.95).

"It is a practical guide for those who want to have helpful insight into the conduct of teen-agers and to better understand the developmental task of the adolescent," says Ewing, director of the board's Youth Department. "It approaches the subject from the point of view of the 'whole person.'"

The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the USA is publishing a new edition of *Fellowship Hymnal*, a collection of easily sung old-time hymns for use in hospitals, prisons, and institutions. Interesting point about this hymnal: the word "death" appears in none of the songs, as a consideration for those in hospitals; the words "prison" and "bars" won't be found by those in penal institutions. It includes a variety of familiar songs, ranging from Negro spirituals to the best of Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts.

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions



Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q Has the church changed its attitude on amusements?

Yes, if we mean that once the attitude was largely negative and now is positive. No, if we mean a fundamental attitude on the rightness or wrongness of certain practices.

Our 1940 *Discipline* pointed out that the widespread increase in leisure time intensifies the problem of amusements.

It is not enough for Methodists to condemn evil. "Recreation is an important social force," the *Discipline* said. "Our great obligation resides in

giving adequate opportunities for wholesome play, for developing new interests, and learning leisure-time skills."

The *Discipline* of 1952 called for a "Committee on Social Life, which shall provide social functions and forms of recreation unquestionably wholesome and compatible with the mind and teaching of Christ." The world of recreation should mean for us opportunity and obligation, not simply occasion for criticism.

Q What is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit?

When we ask this important question we are referring to the "unpardonable sin" mentioned in Matthew 12:24-45. But what does it mean to sin against the Holy Spirit?

The work of the spirit is to bring us truth and give us life.

To sin against the Holy Spirit, then, is to refuse to hear or to receive the life that God's spirit offers.

It was this spirit that Jesus promised as a counselor and comforter. The work he did was to be continued in the work of the spirit, who would guide into all truth.

Do people still sin against the

Holy Spirit? Yes. This does not mean some single sin or failure. It means a conscious and wilful refusal to accept what we know is God's truth, to receive his mercy and help to follow his way. It is to deliberately shut God out of our life.

When we make this refusal in a part rather than the whole of life, is there any forgiveness for us? I think there is. We can pray, as Jesus taught us, "Forgive us our trespasses." But we dare not forget his other word, when he speaks about the sin against the spirit, "Make the tree good, and its fruit good."

Q What does the Bible mean by "suffering servant"?

This is a wonderful phrase we ought to know better!

In the highest sense, Jesus was the suffering servant, taking on himself the sins and sorrows of others.

He did take the position of a servant. He said of himself that "the Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve." And, of course, that service involved suffering. In the end it meant his death.

We may be sure, however, that his deepest suffering was not physical. He entered into the life of men and shared their burdens and sorrows. He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Faith and love were in all his suffering. And he showed men how they could triumph over suffering, not just in the life beyond but in this life, here and now.

Trusted monthly
by 200,000
parents...



The Christian Home

America's Finest Magazine for Parents

The Christian Home is a big, colorful 64-page monthly magazine especially for parents... to offer you guidance in teaching your family to grow as Christians.

Each month, authoritative articles bring you good, practical advice on rearing children from birth through the teens.

To help your family grow closer together, there is a regular devotional section of Bible readings, prayers, songs.

The Christian Home is entertaining... filled with good stories, poems, puzzles, and other features, with many handsome illustrations. Only \$2.00 a year!

MAIL ATTACHED COUPON NOW!

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Please order from House serving you

Baltimore 3	Chicago 11	Cincinnati 2
Dallas 1	Detroit 1	Kansas City 6
Nashville 2	New York 11	Pittsburgh 30
Portland 5	Richmond 16	San Francisco 2

Please enter the following subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HOME at \$2.00 a year.

Name _____
Street or RFD _____
City _____ () State _____
Gift Card from _____ Payment Enclosed _____
Ordered by _____
Street or RFD _____
City _____ () State _____

\$62⁵⁰ EASILY Make on Just 50 CHRISTMAS CARD Boxes

Earn More in Spare Hours!

Yes, you make \$1.25 on every Fine Arts Christmas Card Assortment. You can't help but make plenty of extra money quicker showing friends this fast-selling, big profit box. No experience is needed.

BIG Profits from BIG Line!

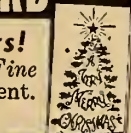
Up to 65¢ of each dollar is your cash profit. Hundreds of new designs in Slim, Religious, other popular and unusual Cards at 21 for \$1 up, Gift Wrappings, inexpensive Gifts, Novelties, Costume Jewelry. We furnish self-selling Album of beautiful new Personalized Christmas Cards absolutely FREE.

Get Samples NOW!

You risk nothing. Start earning at once with FREE Sample Album, Bargain List, others samples on approval. Get \$1.25 Surprise Gift FREE on special 15-day offer. Send coupon TODAY!

BOULEVARD ART PUBLISHERS

235 S. Wabash Av. Dept. 548-A, Chicago 4, Ill.



FINE ARTS
Special Assortment
Ultra-fine quality
cards, sold up to 35¢
each. You sell for 8¢
and make \$1.25 on
box of 25 for \$1.95



SPECIAL!
\$1.25 Boxes for 50¢
\$1 Boxes for 35¢
WHILE THEY
LAST!

MAIL NOW... GET SURPRISE GIFTS

BOULEVARD ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 548-A

235 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.

Please send sample outfit on approval. Include \$1.25 Gift FREE on 15-day offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

The Jamestown Festival will have a lot more meaning for pre-teen boys if they read *Arrows Over Jamestown* by Esther Miller Payler (Vantage Press, \$2.50). This exciting story of Chanco, the young Indian lad who saved Jamestown from Indian massacre in 1622, was a real spellbinder for young Peter B., age 10.

Recounting the adventures of an Indian boy and his friendship with the son of a plantation owner, this book is chock-full of suspense and animal lore—a winning combination for most boys. As Peter put it, "If you like excitement you'll go for this one."

Maxine Garrison's *The Angel Spreads Her Wings* (Fleming H. Revell Co., \$2) is a book about a book. It tells the story of Dale Evans Rogers' *Angel Unaware*—the chronicle of Robin Elizabeth Rogers' brief sojourn on earth. Miss Garrison, on the Rogers' publicity staff, is well qualified to relate the impact of *Angel Unaware* and the heart-warming response it drew from mothers and fathers all over the country. Except to those of us interested in how the world of books affects the thinking and organization of other areas of life, I think this volume will have little appeal. Rather, I suggest that those who haven't already done so will find great meaning from reading *Angel Unaware*.

—BARNABAS

AMEN CORNER



As gleaned from
pastors' sermons

- The goal of life is not the winning of pennants.

—Rev. S. R. Martin, Columbus, Ohio (from Alma E. Heiserman).

- When your difficulties become so thick you can't see through them, look up and over them.

—Rev. C. W. Egeland, Thornton-Swaledale, Iowa (from Mrs. Sam Schnalle).

- Good religion must have the plus sign. Enlarge the plus sign and you'll see the cross.

—Rev. Clyde R. Funkhauser, Edwardsville, Ill. (from Dora Bohm).

- Though we are too Christian to enjoy sinning, we are too fond of sinning to enjoy Christianity.

—Rev. R. O. Grote, Rembrandt-Truesdale, Iowa (from Ken Hadenfeldt).

- Many have plenty to live by but nothing to live for.

—Rev. Carl E. Hearn, Salem, Ill. (from Mrs. Ira W. Ellis).

- Someday you will call for the church; today the church calls for you.

—Rev. Adolph F. Knapp, Brasher Falls, N.Y. (from Garth Oaksford).

getting along Together

A minister whom I know came upon a janitor one day and found him singing lustily. "You must be very happy," the minister volunteered.

"Not at all, sir," answered the janitor. "I'm just trying to get happy."

—Mrs. R. J. MORGAN, Perry, Iowa

In a cemetery one day, I noticed an elderly man loaded down with a huge bouquet and limping toward a stretch of barren graves. He declined my offer to help and with a pronounced British accent, explained:

"I came to America after the last war. I lost my wife and daughter in the blitz. The people of this country have done a lot for me and I have no real way of paying them back. So a couple of times a week I cut some flowers in my brother's garden and put them on graves no one else cares for. It's at least something that an old man can do to thank a country with a gigantic heart."

—CHARLES E. BOOTH, Manchester, Conn.

It was in the rush of a big railroad station. I was struggling to carry my infant, my grip, my purse—and being buffeted by every hurrying commuter. Just then, in the midst of all this confusion, my shoe came untied.

I was on the verge of tears when out of the swirling crowd stepped a beautifully groomed woman who, without a word, knelt down, tied my shoe, gave me a big smile, and hurried off. That was 14 years ago—and I still remember it as if it were yesterday.

—FRANCES ANATER, Anchorage, Alaska

As a friend stuffed his soiled clothes in his laundry bag I noticed he put a coin in the pocket of the trousers. I asked why.

"I told the lady who does the washing that any money she found in my clothes she could keep," he told me. "She's old and lame, and it makes me feel good to give her this tip without hurting her pride."

—DOREEN DEVEAUX, Logansport, Ind.

Have you a true anecdote which illustrates the art of living? If you have, send it in. We'll mail you a \$5 check if it's used.—EDS.

LETTERS continued from pg. 6

"War and Peace" and "The Christian Conscience and War," we find the position taken by the church is as follows:

"The methods of Jesus and the methods of war move in different directions.

"The Methodist Church, true to the principles of the New Testament, teaches respect for properly constituted civil authority. It encourages both love of country and love of all men. Believing that government rests upon the support of its conscientious citizens, it holds within its fellowship those who sincerely differ as to the Christian's duty in regard to war. We ask and claim exemption by legal processes from all forms of military preparation or service for all religious conscientious objectors as for those of the historic peace churches.

"We also recognize the right of the individual to answer the call of his government according to the dictates of his Christian conscience. In both of these situations members of The Methodist Church have the authority and support of their church."

'Precious Memories'

GEORGE W. HASKELL, *Cuttyhunk, Mass.* I was particularly interested in your article about John Wesley, in which you mention George Whitefield [*Circuit Rider of the Centuries*, May, page 12].

Eighty-five years ago, when I was a little over one year old, my father moved from Boston to his native city of Newburyport and became sexton of the Old South Presbyterian Church. In a crypt under the pulpit lie the remains of Whitefield and by his side those of the first pastor of the church. Whitefield preached his last sermon from the steps of a nearby dwelling house.

My father kept a book of autographs of visitors to the crypt, including royalty, celebrities, and many others. After my mother died I donated the book to the church.

Thank you for stirring up precious memories of my boyhood days. . . .

Mrs. Finkes' Faith

MRS. CHARLES LEMASTERS, JR., *Austin, Tex.* Praise God for the unspeakable riches of faith he bestowed on Barbara Finkes and her family as she faced the giving of her life and her loved ones into his keeping in *I Am Not Afraid* [June, page 11].

Make no mistake about God's purposes. He "wills" cancer or sickness to no one—but when it comes, see how mightily it can be used for the Kingdom when given a chance through the faith of his children.

Wesley's Convert

MISS GRACE TEAR, *Parsons, Kan.* Thanks for printing *Circuit Rider of the Centuries* by William F. McDermott. When in 1777 John Wesley preached on

the Isle of Man my great-grandfather was a listener and became a devoted follower. He came to America in 1826 with the family of his son, William. My father was born in 1831, the only member of the family to be born in this country.

In a quiet, rural cemetery near Painesville, Ohio, may be seen a tombstone engraved: John Tear

1760-1841

Sat Under the Preaching
of
John Wesley

'Satisfies Eyes and Mind'

JAMES P. GORDON, *Keuka Park, N.Y.* So far as I know, there is no magazine published that so thoroughly satisfies the eye and the mind as does TOGETHER. Yours is the first magazine that has so thoroughly satisfied us from its inspiring picture cover to the last page.



"Can I 'kill two birds with one stone'?"

Author to Critic

JUNE JOHNSON, *Woodland Hills, Calif.* Thank you for the copies of the May issue with the letter from Jeanette Burdick answering my article, *Bending the Sapling* [March, page 11].

I feel I must reply to her criticism because the issue involved is so important. It is true that throwing candy wrappers on the curb doesn't make a delinquent. However, anyone who writes knows that delinquency could not possibly be covered in one article.

I tried only to suggest two vital points, both of which I'm sure any psychiatrist and any minister would approve:

1. The general example of the parents is one of the most important factors in teaching the child to walk the path he must follow.

2. When we fail to strengthen our child's moral fiber in the small pressures of daily life, we are inevitably weakening his resistance in time of real need. Specifically, littering a beach is more than "discourtesy," because it leads to contempt for the citizenship rights of others.

'Easter Gift' Incomplete . . .

DONALD E. COLLINS, *Pastor, St. Mark Methodist Church, Kinston, N.C.* I am gravely disappointed in your article

The Easter Gift [April, page 16]. You suggested that this pastor found the true meaning of the Resurrection when he learned that "even a small child's acts could live after him." If this is the true meaning of the Resurrection, then our preaching is in vain. . . .

It would seem that Paul believed the Resurrection meant that the God who raised Jesus from the dead would also raise to eternal life those who loved and lived for Christ. It is not the deeds that shall live because of the Resurrection; it is this mortal that shall put on immortality because Jesus triumphed over death and the grave. Certainly evangelical Christianity could never settle for so shallow a concept of the Resurrection as is suggested in your article.

With Stress on Sacred . . .

RUTH WOOD CADMUS, *Bellevue, Wash.* It is seldom my nature to write ye editor. I know how busy he is because I have been in newspaper work.

However, it would seem that the reader must be very young indeed to miss the magnificent, broadening scope which TOGETHER offers: Mingling of the secular and the sacred, with always the stress on the latter, which seems to me to be the way we should try to live in this world to influence others for good.

Together on Bulletin Board

MRS. DON DAVIS, *Wichita Falls, Tex.* We enjoy the beautiful pictures in your magazine so much that we just couldn't let the old copies just lie around. We finally came up with the idea of a bulletin board in each bedroom. We can't throw them away even after they have had that experience, so I guess the next project will be a file box.

Bishop Kennedy Corrected

MRS. JOHN J. PARRY, *Urbana, Ill.* In *Browsing in Fiction* [April, page 59], Bishop Kennedy, referring to the title of Angus Wilson's novel, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*, states, "Not many of us know it comes from *Alice in Wonderland*."

May I call attention to the fact that it does not. It comes from *Through the Looking Glass*, Chapter VII.

Thank you, eagle-eyed Mrs. Parry. You're right: Bishop Kennedy—and we—were wrong.—EDS.

Thanks from Whole Family

MRS. KENNETH VREDENBURG, *Bearsville, N.Y.* May I add my whole family's sincere thanks for your very welcome visitor, TOGETHER, that comes into our home each month.

There is much for us as parents and we are thrilled, too, that our seven- and four-year-old children find many attractive things. If only our bookstands could display more of your type publication minds would be filled with food for thought instead of food for disaster and lust.

The Tumbleweed Tree

By CLYRENE S. MAXWELL

THE DESERT is awfully dry and dusty all year. In fact, Bobby Clark didn't know that it ever rained very much anywhere.

Because it was so dry, there were no trees where Bobby lived. And that was the thing he wanted most of all—a tree to give him shade from the hot sun.

One morning as Bobby was following a lizard trail through the sand, he came upon a small, green plant only an inch high.

"Perhaps it is a tree," he thought, and he dashed off to the well where he filled a bottle with water. Then he dug a nice trench around his tree and watered it. Bobby decided not to tell anyone about what he had found. He thought it would be fun to have a secret tree all his own.

Each day he watered the tree and every day he could see it had grown—sometimes an inch—until it was fully two feet high. However, the tree was quite bushy and round, and it didn't have any leaves on it. This puzzled Bobby but he didn't say anything, for that would have spoiled his secret.

When summer was over, the sparse grass began to turn brown and so did the



tree. This seemed the usual thing to Bobby, so he didn't mention anything to his mother.

He was so proud of his secret tree! Next year he would water it more and it would grow even faster.

One day in the fall, Bobby went outside and felt a cold, strong wind from the west. It came whipping around the house, causing little whirls of dust to rise off the ground.

While he was watching these dust whirls, a round and familiar brown shape came bouncing around the

house—it was Bobby's "tree"!

Bobby ran wildly after it and cried, "Please don't go. Please wait!" But the "tree" blew away, rolling and tumbling faster than his feet could run.

Sobbing, with a dusty face and little rivers of tears streaking his cheeks, he ran into the house and told his mother how he had found his little tree and watered it and loved it and how it blew away.

"But Bobby, dear," she said, "I saw that plant grow-

ing. It was only a tumbleweed." She put her arms around him and said, "Perhaps this is a very good thing that has happened, Son. For you have learned that much time and love can be spent on things that will only blow away later. You must learn to spend your time on those things that have deep roots. But since you cared for your tumbleweed 'tree' so well, your father and I will see that you have a real tree to

look after in the spring."

And sure enough, when spring arrived Bobby's father came home from the city with a real tree. An apple tree.

Bobby's father helped him plant the tree and told Bobby just how to take care of it. Bobby, of course, was very happy, for this time he knew that he had a tree with deep roots—one that would not blow away in the wind like the tumbleweed "tree."

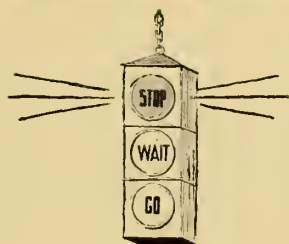


PRAYER



Dear Lord, please hear us as we pray
Our thanks for food we eat today.
Help us all in every way
To be better every day.

—LAYNE ATTEBERRY AND CLAIRE ADAM



TICK TOCK TALKS

Old Tick Tock says
To be alert
At every street
To not get hurt.
First carefully
We'll look each way
And live to cross
Another day.

—THOMAS F. DILLABOUGH

GERALD

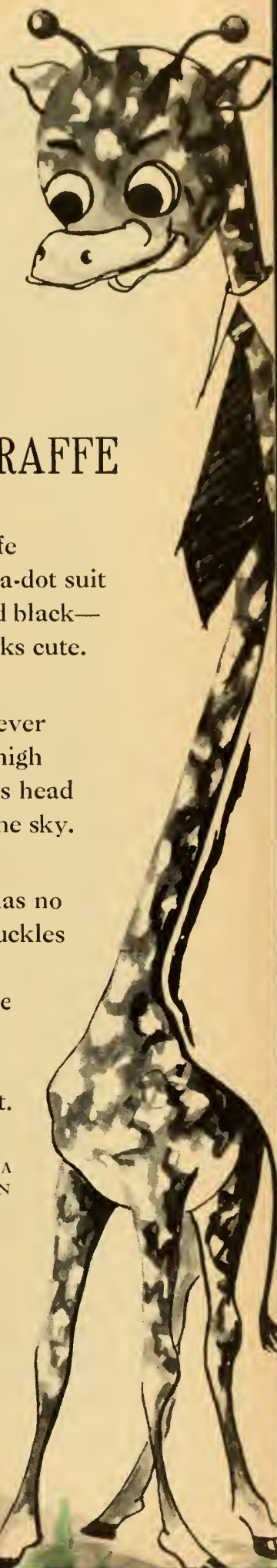
GIRAFFE

Gerald Giraffe
Wears a polka-dot suit
Of yellow and black—
I think he looks cute.

The collar is ever
And ever so high
Because of his head
Being up in the sky.

But his suit has no
Buttons or buckles
in sight—
He must have
to sleep
With it on
every night.

—RUTH DANA
PEDERSEN





*Deep, dark, and mysterious!
Far back in Kentucky's Mammoth Cave,
three Indiana MYFers halt at
Silo Pit, an awesome 95-foot crevasse.*

MYF Takes A MAMMOTH TRIP

WITH THE proceeds of paper drives, bake sales, a coffee shop, and church bazaar, 16 go-getting Methodist youngsters have taken a memorable 700-mile vacation jaunt. Members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship of Angola, Ind., they set out in three cars and two trailers to visit Kentucky's Mammoth Cave.

The young people carried their own food, pitched their own tents, and had three days of travel, fun, and Christian fellowship for little more than it would have cost them to stay at home. To do this they bought wholesale, planned the trip menu in advance, co-operated in camp chores.

Total cost: \$12.75 a person, according to Bob Artman, MYF counselor, who heartily recommends similar excursions for Methodist youth groups throughout the country.

Young people inspect a relic of the past. Roads have replaced the locomotive that once brought visitors to the cave.





A Niagara Falls in stone: frozen forever for breathless visitors to admire, it's the cave's largest formation. It took nature countless millions of years to build this underground "waterfall," which is 75 feet high, 50 feet wide.



Ferryboat, ahoy! . . . MYFers take a trip on beautiful Green River, which winds through 50,000 acres of national park.



"Vittle time" is what they call it in Kentucky; in Hoosierland it's "chow time"—but in any state it's the best time for yonngsters out-of-doors.

Homeward bound—with fond memories. Pete studies a cave map, Mary Jo smiles. It's the end of a trip they'll treasure always.



A "windy job"—blowing up air mattresses as soon as camp is set up.





of the world parish

WORLD OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS FOR THE CHURCH

Back from a 40,000-mile tour of missions in Latin America and Africa, a Methodist official declares Christians now have a better opportunity to evangelize the free world than may come again in this century.

Dr. E. Harold Mohn, general secretary of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, says most governments in those areas now are favorable toward Christian missionary efforts.

"But a change in government could bring to power an anti-Christian administration," he points out. Moreover, Mohn explained, the Roman Catholic Church has "never tried to evangelize" South America. He said only in Colombia and the Guianas do Roman Catholics hold a strong hand.

Meanwhile, Bishop J. Waskom Pickett, with more than 40 years' missionary experience in India, expresses the fear that the church has been losing "golden opportunities" for conversions in some areas by not permitting converts a chance to evangelize their own people.

In South America, too, Protestants are pushing evangelism efforts. Methodist Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri, of South America, said 84 per cent of the population now is outside the Roman Catholic Church, and Protestant membership is mounting.

An indication of the growth of Protestantism there can be seen in Sao Paulo, Brazil's second largest city, where there are more Protestant than

Roman Catholic churches. Forty of the Protestant houses of worship are Methodist. Also, at least five foreign missions now are being supported by South American Methodists.

Other high lights in the world-missions picture:

- Formosa: Methodists have broken ground for the first building of the Soochow University College of Law and dedicated a clinic, the first Methodist medical institution on the island.

- Japan: Christian leaders plan to increase efforts to win back church-school children from Communist influence and bring new members into Japan's churches. Radio and TV will be used to counteract Communist anti-American and anti-Christian propaganda.

- New Guinea: A new device is combating cannibalism—a 12-ounce phonograph that plays Christian sermons in scores of native languages and dialects. Australian missionaries report that a few phonograph records often reach more natives in a week than a missionary could visit in a year. The result: many more natives baptized.

Wesley Home Draws Tourists

A new magnet for Methodist travelers has opened its doors to the public—the Old Rectory in Epworth, England, where John Wesley spent his boyhood and which he said he loved "beyond most places in the world."

Built in 1709 by John's father, Samuel Wesley, the house was used by the local Church of England parish until British Methodists bought it in 1955. It was restored, with financial support from American Methodists, and dedicated just before a recent meeting of the World Methodist Council's executive committee in London.

The founder of Methodism was six when his father built the house. In the large kitchen John's mother educated her 19 children and held cottage meetings for parishioners.

The London conferees, many from the U.S., made a weekend pilgrimage to Epworth, 160 miles north of London, for the dedication. Retired Bishop Ivan Lee Holt of St. Louis preached the Sunday sermon in the 13th-century Anglican church, where John Wesley was barred from the pulpit in 1742.

Conferees discussed plans for cooperative evangelism "across national frontiers," the holding of an ecumenical theological institute in Oxford in 1958, and the extension of pastoral exchanges between countries.

They Pray on the Job!

More workers than ever before now are taking part in lunch-hour devotions and Bible-study groups in a dozen or more U.S. industrial plants. Although growth is slow, leaders are encouraged because hostility and indifference are fading.

At Capital Airlines' Washington, D.C., terminal, mechanics and inspectors who began noon-hour Bible study 20 months ago now have expanded into three groups, each meeting five times a week.

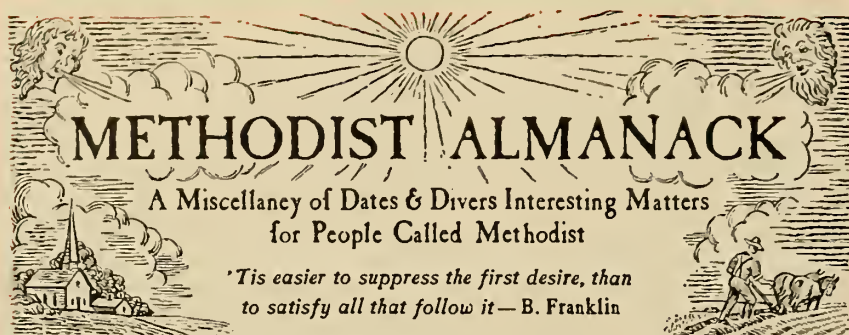
Chief organizer Robert Pandolfi (Pentecostal Church) says non-Christians look up to the study-group men, who, company officials report, are helping others gain self-confidence. Other worker reactions:

- Glenn Haville, a Methodist: "This

For many workers throughout the country, a pause at noon for devotions and Bible study is becoming a regular event. This one shown is at Capital Airlines' shops at Washington, D.C.,

National Airport. Methodist Glenn Haville (left) studies his Bible. The Rev. Joseph Uhrig (center) leads one of the daily talks. Workers (right) eat and listen intently to message.





AUGUST hath XXXI days

8th Month

Heat, ma'am! It was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones—Sydney Smith

15	Th	Gen. Whitefield starts for America, 1739	■ He launched second of his seven American preaching tours. An Oxford friend of the Wesleys, he helped start U. of Pennsylvania, spurred religious revival, earned the sobriquet of "advance courier" of the new Methodism.
16	Fr	Alaskan gold rush is on, 1896	
17	Sa	National Methodist Youth Conference, Denver	
18	S	J. Wesley rejects Anglican "advice," continues preaching in Bristol, 1739	
19	M	Old Ironsides whips British ship, 1812	
20	Tu	Bishop Francis Asbury b. 1745	
21	W	Lincoln and Douglas begin debates, 1858	
22	Th	Rev. J. Eliot opens church for Indians, 1670	
23	Fr	Make a virtue of necessity	■ Seaman Lucy Brewer, alias Nicolas Baker, served on the famous man-of-war three years, concealed her sex the whole time. Her ship, christened the <i>Constitution</i> , a national monument, now is docked in Boston harbor.
24	Sa	Dolly Madison flees burning White House, 1814	
25	S	Festival of Christ the King	
26	M	U. S. women get the vote, 1920	
27	Tu	Play first given in colonies, 1665	
28	W	Note well Proverbs 22:6	
29	Th	Author Oliver Wendell Holmes b. 1809	
30	Fr	What is well done is done soon enough	
31	Sa	Gladioli, poppies exit as August flowers	

SEPTEMBER hath XXX days

9th Month

September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer—Helen Jackson

1	S	Labor Sunday	■ Within five years original <i>Advocate</i> had 30,000 subscribers. In 1956 it became two magazines: <i>New Christian Advocate</i> for preachers, <i>Together</i> for families—combined circulation now about 900,000.
2	M	Labor Day, 75th observance	
3	Tu	Protestants discuss Faith & Order at North American Conference, Oberlin, O.	
4	W	J. Wesley ministers at Newgate Prison, 1742	
5	Th	First Continental Congress convenes, 1774	
6	Fr	Social worker Jane Addams b. 1860	
7	Sa	A fool cannot be still	
8	S	Richard the Lion-hearted b. 1157	
9	M	Christian Advocate starts, 1826	
10	Tu	E. Howe patents first sewing machine, 1826	
11	W	Annual meeting, Board of Pensions, Chicago	
12	Th	H. Hudson sails into his river, 1609	
13	Fr	Faith without works is dead	
14	Sa	Fort McHenry flag inspires F. S. Key, 1814	



half-hour of fellowship with God and my fellow men not only feeds me with food from the Holy Word, but gives me a midday tranquilization which I find restful and uplifting."

• *A Mormon*: "It gives all of us a chance to receive others' viewpoints on the Scriptures, and a time for Christian fellowship. In short, a pause that refreshes your faith."

• *A Presbyterian*: "Taking these lessons home and living accordingly puts Christ at the head of our family."

• *A Roman Catholic*: "It offers to me through God a clear interpretation of the Scriptures."

Most sessions are handled by the workers, but often outsiders speak.

Some companies and at least one labor union have employed full-time industrial chaplains. There now are about 50 chaplains in the U.S., serving as counselors and sometimes as labor-management mediators. But with 66.6 million Americans employed, church leaders point out, more chaplains are badly needed.

Quiz Methodists About TV

Methodist TV programs compare "excellently" with other religious programs and "favorably" with commercial programs in attracting viewers. These are the findings in a survey of religious television by the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches.

Stations and TV critics in many cities are acclaiming the programs as a significant step in religious programming.

Another survey, by the Television, Radio, and Film Commission of The Methodist Church, indicates that Methodist ministers have a great interest in television and its use in communicating the gospel. This survey asked 27,000 ministers to rate 26 program topics for use in additional series of *The Way*.

First choice in the 9,000-plus questionnaires returned was: "Why does a Christian home stand a better chance of survival?" Other topics rated high dealt with prayer, rearing children in the Christian faith, and how to live meaningful Christian lives.

The Central Jurisdiction selected as top choices topics dealing with the church's role in racial tension, Christian responsibility in government and politics, and how the church can give its members a sense of belonging and acceptance.

Main purposes of the survey were to discover how churches can make more effective use of religious television, and let clergymen participate in program planning.

TRAFICO reports 300 stations have carried *The Pastor*, 180 *The Way*. It's estimated there have been 350 million viewings of the programs.

Students 'Insure' Alma Mater

A Methodist college will be \$36,000 richer in 20 years if plans of the senior class work out.

Seniors at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., have taken out endowment policies naming the class as beneficiary upon maturity. At that time all proceeds—\$36,000—will be given to the college.

The idea was started at Dickinson three years ago. All graduating classes since then have joined in the endowment idea.

How Much Machinery Do 10 Million Methodists Need?

Is The Methodist Church over-organized?

The church now divides the U.S. into five major regions, or jurisdictions. A sixth unit, the Central Jurisdiction, is made up of all Negro churches and Negro annual conferences in the U.S. Is this machinery too ponderous—on top of such other units as districts, annual conferences, and episcopal areas?

These questions underlie two-day public hearings to be held this fall in 24 cities. The aim: to get facts and suggestions for a special 70-member Methodist commission. This commission was set up by General Conference as part of a four-year study of the problems of sectionalism and race.

Any Methodist will be heard if he files a request with the chairman of the panel conducting hearings in his city 30 days in advance.

Panel chairmen and cities:

Western Jurisdiction, the Rev. C. C. Bell, 1455 Northwood Circle, Lynchburg, Va.—Sept. 10-11, Denver; Sept. 12-13, Los Angeles; Sept. 16-17, San Francisco; Sept. 19-20, Seattle, Wash.

Central Jurisdiction (Negro churches), Charles C. Parlin, 123 Hillside Ave., Englewood, N.J.—Oct. 9-10, Washington, D.C.; Oct. 11-12, Orangeburg, S.C.; Oct. 14-15, New Orleans; Oct. 16-17, St. Louis.

Northeastern Jurisdiction, Edwin L. Jones, Box 966, Charlotte, N.C.—Oct. 9-10, Philadelphia; Oct. 11-12, Boston; Oct. 14-15, New York; Oct. 16-17, Pittsburgh.

South Central Jurisdiction, the Rev. Harold A. Bosley, First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.—Oct. 11-12, Oklahoma City; Oct. 14-15, San Antonio, Tex.; Oct. 16-17, Shreveport, La.; Oct. 18-19, Kansas City, Mo.

Southeastern Jurisdiction, the Rev. John R. Wilkins, 83 McAllister St., San Francisco, Calif.—Oct. 22-23, Louisville, Ky.; Oct. 24-25, Montgomery, Ala.; Oct. 28-29, Atlanta, Ga.; Oct. 30-31, Charlotte, N.C.

North Central Jurisdiction, Dr. James P. Brawley, president, Clark College, Atlanta, Ga.—Oct. 22-23, Minneapolis, Minn.; Oct. 24-25, Chicago; Nov. 20-21, Detroit; Nov. 22-23, Columbus, Ohio.

2 Churches Tackle Integration

Two Negro Methodist ministers of "white" congregations are in the news, one because his members quit in protest of his appointment, and one be-



The Grace Line Co.
801 LaSalle Avenue
Minneapolis 2, Minn.

to raise funds easily . . .

SELL Graceline NAPKINS

Your women's organization, club, or any group will raise needed funds fast when they show this beautiful assortment of GRACELINE paper napkins.

Here's all you do. Fill in the coupon below, mail it, and we will send you **FREE**, a complete sample packet of napkins, quantity prices, and instructions for ordering.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE NAPKIN SAMPLES TODAY!

The Grace Line Co. • 801 LaSalle Ave. • Minneapolis 2, Minn.
Dept. T087

Please send **FREE SAMPLES** and complete fund-raising details.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

New Way To Sell Christmas Cards

EASY WAY TO MAKE \$100

New Sales-Making Leader!
Sell Exclusive Personal Christmas Cards **WITHOUT NAME** at 25c off. Low as \$1.25 for 40 cards.

ORGANIZATIONS:
Send coupon for No-Risk offer. Guarantees highest earnings.

SEND NO MONEY

9 Ways To Make \$1 Per Box Profit

Show friends **FREE** Samples of 62 gorgeous new **EXCLUSIVE** Christmas Cards not available elsewhere. Give generous discounts when ordered without name imprinted, yet make your full profit on every box. Everybody buys. You make \$100 fast on 100 boxes. Many more **EXCLUSIVES** in fast-selling line of 250 Greeting Card and Gift Shop Novelties. You keep up to 50c on every \$1, besides an Extra Cash Bonus! No-risk Money-Back Guarantee assures you up to 20c more profit per box!

Send For Samples And Special Offers!
Get samples at our expense. We'll also pay return postage if you're not delighted. For **FREE** Album, best-selling Assortments on approval and offer of \$1.25 gift **FREE** for prompt action, mail coupon **TODAY!**

"TINY TV"
Salt & Pepper Console
FREE
For Prompt Action
SEND COUPON NOW!

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN
1400 State Ave.
Dept. 75-C
Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Send exclusive money-making samples on approval with **FREE** Album and "TINY TV". Offer.

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN 1400 State Ave., Dept. 75-C
Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____

RENEWALS

If you subscribe to **TOGETHER** individually, your renewal date is shown at the right of the top line of your address label. (All Family subscriptions do not have renewal dates.) Month is shown first, then year. Example: "107" is October 1957.

Renewals should be forwarded through the local church office in advance of renewal date.

RATE—
\$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years.

Ordering Stamps or Cards?

TOGETHER accepts advertisements only from reliable dealers. If the advertisement mentions the word "approval" or "approvals," the dealer intends to send a selection of merchandise known as "approvals" in addition to any free items or ones you have paid for in advance. If you keep any of the "approval" items, you must pay for them and return the ones you do not wish to buy. If you do not intend to buy any of the "approval" items, return them promptly, being sure your name and address are clearly written in the upper left-hand corner of the package in which you return the merchandise.



PULPIT & CHOIR GOWNS

Pulpit Hangings—Altar Cloths
Bible Markers—Communion Linens
Embroideries—Fabrics
Custom Tailoring for Clergymen
Marking 120 Years of
Service to the Church
and Clergy

COX SONS & VINING, Inc.
131 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

Since 1889 LEADING DESIGNERS and CRAFTSMEN of
STAINED GLASS
CHURCH FURNISHINGS & BRONZE TABLETS
PAYNE-SPIERS STUDIOS
48-54 EAST 13th ST. • PATERSON 8, N. J.



FOLDING CHAIRS

In Steel or Wood
FOLDING TABLES

WRITE FOR CATALOG
AND LOW DIRECT PRICES
J.P. REDINGTON & Co.

DEPT. 52 SCRANTON 2, PA.

PENNINGTON

Methodist College Preparatory School for Boys. Owned by the New Jersey Conference. College preparatory. Fully accredited; graduates in 89 colleges. Grades 7-12. All sports. Gym, pool. Guidance, developmental reading, crafts, shops, music. New dormitory. Moderate rate. Endowed. Established 1838. Write for catalog.

Ira S. Pimm, D.D., Box 45, Pennington, N. J.

cause he has shifted to a larger church.

In Los Angeles, 30 of the 43 active members of little Normandie Avenue Church withdrew when Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy appointed 39-year-old Nelson Burlin Higgins, Jr., a Negro, as pastor. When parishioners pulled out they voted to send memorial pulpit furniture to Potrero Avenue Church in El Monte.

A crowd of nearly 1,000, half of them Negroes, overflowed the sanctuary into the church social hall and street to hear Higgins' first sermon. The response led District Superintendent Ray W. Ragsdale to predict a membership of 250 by June, 1958. This is about the membership the church had 20 years ago. In the years between, the area's population (20,000) became 60 per cent Negro, but Normandie Avenue did not accept Negroes, although it was willing to have Negro children in church school.

As financial strength and membership dropped, two alternatives faced the bishop and his cabinet: close the church, or appoint a Negro pastor. "We felt the latter was a logical and sensible thing to do," explained Ragsdale.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Simon P. Montgomery, who went to the all-white church at Old Mystic, Conn., in 1955, has been appointed to the 275-member "white" Rockville Church. During his pastorate at Old Mystic, membership doubled to 90, and a \$5,000 building program was completed. In January, Montgomery was elected the first Negro chaplain of the Connecticut House of Representatives.

Religion Lags in Britain

British Methodists say they now have a new and particularly tough nut to crack: cold indifference, combined with polite evasion.

A report accepted by the Methodist Conference of Great Britain pinpointed the problem when it admitted that religion still shows no clear-cut revival in the country, "and not even our continued success at the universities can offset our failure to penetrate the granite indifference of the people."

Dr. W. E. Sangster, secretary of the Home Missions Department, which filed the report, urged conservative and liberal groups to work together.

Another report, from the Overseas Missions Department, warned that numerically the Christian church is losing ground throughout the world.

Dr. Harold Roberts, principal of Richmond College, Surrey, and president of the World Methodist Council, was installed as conference president.

Alcohol in Teen Drink

A Wisconsin brewer has started to market a new, beer-like drink for teen-agers, the Board of Temperance



The 39-member Lycoming College Choir, of Williamsport, Pa., directed by Walter G. McIver, rehearses between some of the 20 concerts presented on its recent tour of England. One of many Methodist youth groups traveling in Europe this summer, members earned most of the \$25,000 for their trip. They returned early this month.

reports. The drink, called Teen-Brew, "contains some alcohol, but not quite enough to make it taxable as a fermented liquor under federal law," the board said. It warned that no reference to the drink's alcoholic content is made on the label.

The board quoted O. H. Cole, president of Kingsbury Brewers which manufacture Teen-Brew, as complaining that brewing-industry sales have failed to keep pace with increasing population.

The board contrasted Mr. Cole's plea for the industry "to increase total consumption," with the "traditional (industry) pitch" before Congressional committees that "we don't want to create new drinkers; we just want a bigger share of the existing market."

Youths Sweat—And Like It!

Thousands of Christian young people, many of them Methodists, are taking part in one of the greatest efforts ever made to increase international good will and deepen Christian social and community consciousness. Core of the program is a combination of work camps and a student-exchange program.

Most of those now sweating through the summer in work camps around the world are helping to build churches, missions, orphan schools and roads. Some Methodist high-school students have enrolled in work camps in Indiana and New Mexico. Methodist college students have been tightening bolts in Detroit factories, helping build a church in Iceland, erecting a conference center for a Negro boarding school in Georgia, and helping build a Russian Orthodox chapel in New York.

Just getting under way is a new student-exchange plan, the International Christian Youth Exchange. Five denominations—Church of the Brethren, Methodists, Disciples of Christ, Evangelical and Reformed Church, and United Presbyterian Church of North America—are co-operating. Each is to send five youths abroad and bring 20 European young people here.

Of 23 U.S. high-school students who so far have gone to study and live with European families for a year, 13 are Methodists. And in the U.S., some 40 Methodist families have "adopted" a number of the 100 European young people brought over here by ICYE.

On the college front, 16 students from the Methodist Student Movement at DePauw University are to return home later this month following two months in a study-travel-work seminar in Europe. Twenty-three other Methodist college students are returning from a two-month work camp and seminar, mainly in Austria.

Meanwhile, some 140 college students and 33 adult counselors in youth caravans are trying to strengthen the youth programs of more than 225 Methodist churches in the U.S.

The 13 Methodist young people who are living in Europe for a year include:

Sylvia Boynton, Glen Ellyn, Ill., Germany; Laura Jane Comfort, Miami, Fla., Austria; Peggy Fair, St. Paul, Minn., Germany; Morris Harper, Little Rock, Ark., Germany; Brooks Harting, Freelandville, Ind., Germany; Jeanne Hill, Baltimore, Md., Berlin; Frank R. Hugus, II, Franklin, Pa., France; Jackie James, Connell, Wash., Berlin; David McCray, Malvern, Ark., Berlin; Anne Milbury, Milford, Del., Berlin; Mary Morris, Tulsa, Okla., Austria; Susan Jean Parsons, Escalon, Calif., Austria; Raylene Price, Kinsley, Kan., Austria.

Methodists Aid Storm Victims

Methodists, many of them victims of floods, tornadoes, and hurricanes, have been springing to the aid of disaster victims in the U.S. and Europe this summer.

In Fargo, N.D., church members organized clean-up crews to help 60 Methodist families whose homes were destroyed in a tornado. Seven-months-old Jon Davenport, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Davenport, are members of Fargo's Faith Methodist Church, was ripped from his mother's arms by the wind. He was found the next morning—safe, in a hospital crib.

In Louisiana, where Hurricane Audrey destroyed \$60,000 worth of Methodist church property, Methodist churches at Cameron and Grand Chenier were demolished. Parsonages and many Methodist homes were destroyed or severely damaged. At least three Methodists lost their lives. Many were injured. But other Methodists rushed to help them and other victims.

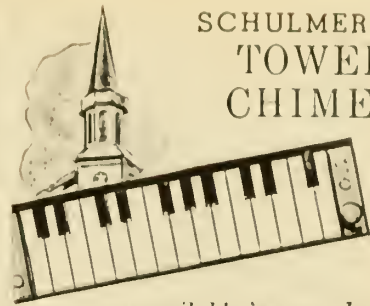
The Broadmoor Methodist Men's Club sent \$1,500 worth of medicine—collected for shipment to missionaries abroad—into the area.

Methodist churches in the Lake Charles district, also hit by the hurricane, quickly gave \$7,335 to reconstruct the Cameron and Grand Chenier churches and launched a drive for additional funds. Special offerings are being taken in every Louisiana Methodist church to help raise \$60,000 needed for rebuilding.

Other donations are coming from all over the U.S. One Congregational church in Antwerp, N.Y., sent \$100—which it had borrowed—to help Cameron-Grand Chenier. A Liberty, Miss., Methodist minister drove 275 miles with a carload of clothing and \$112 to Lake Charles. At last report, donations totaled about \$26,000.

Strong winds also caused an estimated \$75,000 damage to a Wesley Foundation under construction near McNeese State College in Lake Charles. Methodist ministers and laymen worked for relief organizations in aiding victims.

In France and Italy, Methodists participated through the World Council of Churches' Division of Inter-Church Aid in rushing relief supplies to flood victims in those countries.



SCHULMERICH TOWER CHIMES

...now available in your church
for as little as \$1186.00

- Glorious chime tones for tower and organ
- Full 25-note, 2-octave range
- Plays from organ keyboard or its own
- Exclusive 6-point tuning
- Plays both melody and harmony
- Built by world's largest producer of carillons, bells and chimes

Schulmerich
Carillons, Inc.



P 87 Carillon Hill
Sellersville, Pa.

SCHULMERICH CARILLONS

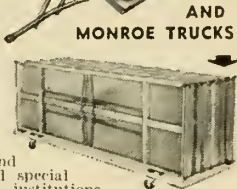
monroe FOLDING BANQUET TABLES

If you are on the Kitchen committee of your Church, Society, Club, School, etc., you will be interested in this modern Folding Banquet Table.

Completely finished tops, resistant to most serving hazards. Used with or without table cloths.

Write for Table and Truck Catalog and special price discounts to institutions and organizations.

Monroe Co., 59 Church St., Colfax, Iowa



Pews, Pulpit & Chancel FURNITURE

EARLY
DELIVERY

WRITE FOR
FREE CATALOG



J. P. REDINGTON & CO.
DEPT. 2 SCRANTON 2, PA.

1000 Printed Name & \$1 Address Labels

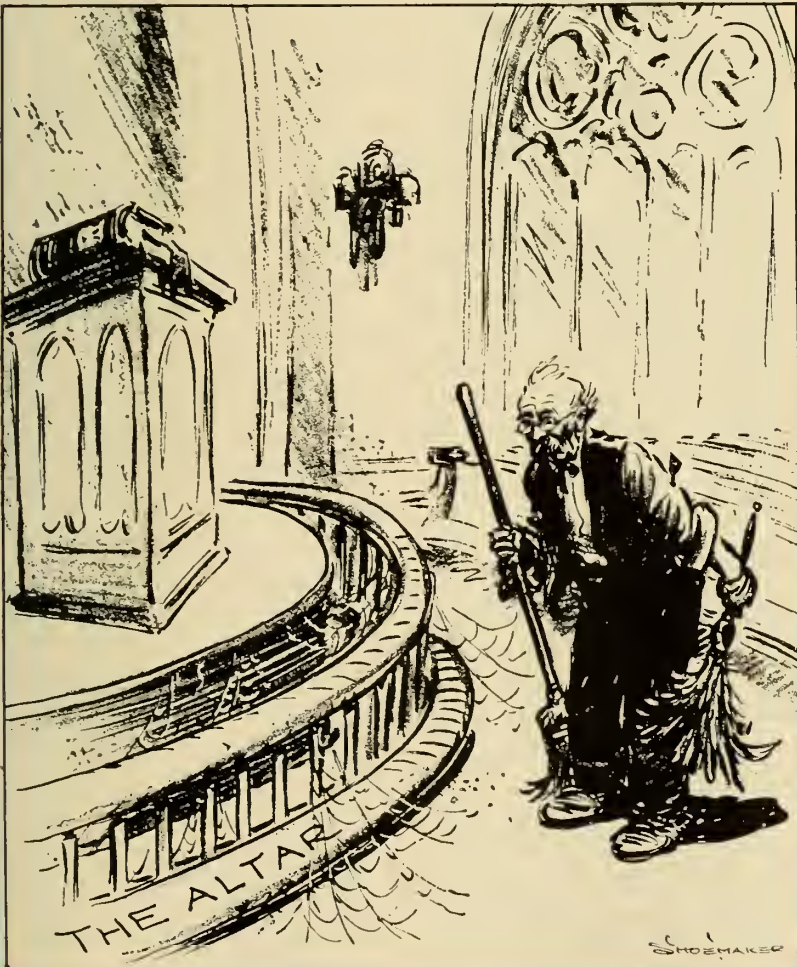


1000 Sparkling name & address labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just \$1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75c per order! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. 300 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS—50c. Same fine printed quality but NO PLASTIC Box. Free Wholesale Selling Plan!

Tower Press, Inc., Lynn 436, Mass.

TIME TO DUST IT OFF!

By VAUGHN SHOEMAKER, Pulitzer Prize-winning Cartoonist





RAISE MONEY EASILY and with Dignity

Correspondence Notes and Envelopes EACH SHEET WITH A PHOTO OF YOUR CHURCH a Year-Around Seller!

Quickly, easily sold for \$1 per box of 24 sheets and 24 envelopes. *Generous profits for your church group.* No experience necessary. For samples and full information, just write:

SPALDING PUBLISHERS, Dept. A 754 E. 76th St., Chicago 19, Ill.

TO HELP YOU MAKE UP TO

\$65

NEW ALBUM OF 41 CHRISTMAS CARDS, Yours FREE!

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Here's the easiest way to make extra money in spare time! Just turn the pages of our handy album and 41 beautiful new Christmas Cards spring to life! Friends buy on sight. New **MAGICOLOR** cards pay you **\$65 profit** on 65 boxes. Big variety of personalized cards. \$1.00 assortments, novel gifts. Profits to 100% plus extra cash bonus. **24-hour service.** Write for **FREE** Album, and samples on approval, plus **FREE** Gift Offer.

SOUTHERN GREETINGS, Dept. 71-D
478 N. Hollywood - Memphis 12, Tenn.

"PARTY LINE" TELEPHONE Salt & Pepper Set

FREE

For Prompt Action!

CLASSIFIED ADS

75¢ per word. Minimum \$10. Cash with order. CLOSING DATE FIVE WEEKS IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION. For use of "Box No. . . . , TOGETHER": add \$1.00. Address: 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

BOOKS FOR SALE

STEPS TO THE HEIGHTS \$3.50 Narrative history 1894-1957. **EPWORTH HEIGHTS**, LUDINGTON, MICH. H. P. Shaver.

BOOKS REBOUND

METHODIST HYMNALS REBOUND. Like new. Less than half new cost. Mail Hymnal for free rebinding. Engel Bindery, 523 Southwest Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

BOOKS WANTED

RELIGIOUS LIBRARIES PURCHASED. Send list or request details. Baker Book House, Dept. TG, Grand Rapids 6, Michigan.

FOR SALE

DUPLEX IN FLORIDA. Enjoy retirement with income. Mrs. A. D. Shaffer, Penney Farms, Florida.

HELP WANTED

SUPERANNUATE. House, utilities, \$100 month. Wonderful desert climate. Methodist, 308 Bridger, Las Vegas, Nevada.

SECRETARY FOR COLLEGE-RELATED CHURCH. Stenographic skills required. Salary adjustable. Dr. John Tennant, 130 Erie, Albion, Michigan.

OLD GOLD AND JEWELRY

HIGHEST CASH PAID For Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. **FREE** Information. **ROSE REFINERS**, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

TOURS

NOW! VISIT HOLY LAND! Spend Christmas in Bethlehem! Visit ten countries. Academic credit. Budget priced. Time payments. Dec. 3-31. Seventh Tour. **BIBLE LANDS SEMINARS**, Box 3-TL, Wilmore, Ky.

TOURS

TOUR OLD MEXICO IN THE FALL—October 14 to 31. \$265.00 from San Antonio, Texas & return. Mexico will be in full bloom. A superb itinerary including Monterrey, Mexico City, Taxco, Cuernavaca, Acapulco, Valle de Bravo, Guanajuato and all the beauties from the north to the south. All the way by private auto and under experienced leadership. Join with or without a car. Write for brochure to: Rev. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Powell, 3812 Villa Terrace, San Diego 4, California.

VACATION

THE CHELTENHAM—Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Rooms—Running Water—Moderate Rates. Near Auditorium and Ocean.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

BOOKS

Methodist Publishing House . . . 3, 8, 60

FOLDING CHAIRS & TABLES

American Seating . . . 3
Mitchell Manufacturing Company . . . 7
Monroe Company . . . 71
J. P. Redington & Company . . . 69

FUND RAISING SUPPLIES

Boulevard Art Publishers . . . 60
Cardinal Craftsmen . . . 69
Chilton Greetings Company . . . 5
Grace Line Company . . . 69
Regal Greeting Card Company . . . 6
Southern Greeting Card Company . . . 72
Spalding Publishers . . . 72
World Wide Art Studios . . . 7

INSURANCE

Board of Missions . . . 6

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Schulmerich Carillons . . . 71

PEWS

J. P. Redington & Company . . . 71

SCHOOLS

Pennington . . . 69

STAINED GLASS

Payne-Spiers Studios . . . 69

VESTMENTS

Cox Sons & Vining, Inc. . . . 69

MISCELLANEOUS

Tower Press, Inc. . . . 71

Medals for Chaplains?

The famed "Four Chaplains" who sacrificed their lives at sea in World War II may soon be awarded, posthumously, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

With the Pentagon ready to withdraw its opposition, a Senate bill to award them this honor is expected to be approved.

One chaplain, the Rev. George L. Fox of Vermont, was a Methodist and a member of the Troy Conference. The others were the Rev. Clark V. Poling, New York, the Reformed Church in America; Rabbi Alexander D. Goode, Pennsylvania, and the Rev. John P. Washington, New Jersey, Roman Catholic.

The four, all army chaplains, lost their lives in the sinking of the troop transport *Dorchester* in the North Atlantic in 1943.

A similar resolution was opposed in 1944 by army officials on the claim that the chaplains did not die in combat, and that 601 other men also died when the *Dorchester* was torpedoed.

Action on Smut War Front

Methodist officials in the front lines of the battle against obscenity are hailing recent Supreme Court decisions upholding federal and state laws which forbid the sale, distribution, or exhibition of obscene material.

Assistant Secretary of Labor J. Ernest Wilkins, president of the Judicial Council of The Methodist Church, said the decisions "will go a great distance toward removing obscene literature from newsstands. If proper procedural safeguards are observed, it is possible to achieve the desired result without violation of constitutional provisions concerning free speech."

Glenn Everett, a Washington correspondent and a Methodist, said the decisions have given federal, state, and local law-enforcement agencies a powerful weapon for driving pornographic publications off newsstands and out of the mails.

The majority opinion in four cases reviewed held that obscenity does not come within those areas of freedom of speech or press protected by the Constitution. It defined obscenity as existing when "to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

Some other observers viewed the decisions with apprehension. *The Christian Science Monitor* editorially approved the action as it relates to the four cases reviewed. But it added, "If all cases henceforth would be as clear-cut as these, and if all officials administering these statutes were gifted with su-

perior discrimination—not to speak of honesty of purpose—one could simply close this comment on a note of acclaim. But law must be applied to borderline cases, too. Chief Justice Warren, although concurring in the majority opinion, warned that its language might be broad enough to be applied eventually 'to the arts and sciences and freedom of communication generally.'"

Hungarians Still Flee Reds

As Red terror continues to seek out freedom fighters and patriots, Hungarian refugees are fleeing across the Austrian border at the rate of 200 to 300 a day, latest reports show. However, in recent weeks the World Council of Churches has been the only organization on hand to meet them, according to Arthur Foster, WCC field officer. At the height of the uprisings there were 68 agencies working at the border.

The WCC's yearly report said the council resettled 40,000 persons from April, 1956, to May, 1957, but its case load now is the same as at the beginning of that period—150,000.

An especially pressing problem is that of the 2,000 teen-agers confined to close quarters with nothing to do, Mrs. Ella F. Harllee of the United Church Women reported. The youngsters are not in school and cannot be employed in Austria, she said. Those under 18 cannot emigrate without their parents' consent, she added—and usually it is impossible to communicate with their parents.

But Hungarians are only a part of the mass of uprooted peoples that make up "the greatest single social problem of our time," according to Dr. Edgar H. S. Chandler, director of the WCC's Service to Refugees.

In the Mid-East, there are 900,000 Arab refugees from Palestine, plus many thousands, mostly Jews, recently forced to leave Egypt; in West Germany, hundreds of thousands of refugees, many from East Germany; in Asia, 22 million DPs in India, Pakistan, Vietnam, and Korea, as well as 700,000 Chinese refugees in Hong Kong, and 15,000 long-term European refugees, mostly Russians and Poles, in China.

Many Pray at UN Altar

An empty altar in the UN meditation room is symbolic of the fact that God "is worshiped in so many forms," according to the world organization's top official.

Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld recently pointed out that UN workers who use the room include Moslems, Hindus, Jews, and Christians.

The altar is a block of glistening Swedish iron ore, the room's chief furnishing.

Let's Get Acquainted



Dr. T. Otto Nall

Everybody in The Methodist Church, they say, knows T. Otto Nall (*Our Church's Five Big Jobs*, page 26.) He's on a first name basis with most bishops, a familiar figure at conclaves all over the globe, and has been a leading figure in church journalism since that day in 1922 when, as a young divinity student, he began work for the Methodist Publishing House. He married a young lady who shared his interests; now Frances Nall, vice president of the Woman's Division of Christian Service and of the World Federation of Methodist Women, zooms all over the Western Hemisphere—25,000 miles or so a year. Otto, editor of *The Christian Advocate* since '49—and of *The New Christian Advocate* since the expansion in our church-paper program last year—is no mean traveler himself, having visited Europe four times. But his chief outside interest is the family farm in Indiana and the nearby rural church, founded in 1829. We asked Otto if his is an active farm. "Sure is," he told us. "Active enough to keep all hands stepping at harvest time."

•
You TOGETHER readers are a special—and wonderful—breed. Look at the way you took hold of our *America the Beautiful* contest (winners, pages 34-42). Our judges screened over 12,000 entries. Quite likely each entrant went through 100 or more pictures before picking out those sent to us. That means, conservatively, the pictures we proudly present this month are the best of some 1.2 million color photos! Your response has been so enthusiastic, in fact, that we are thinking of launching a new project for you Camera Cliques in the near future. Anybody have any ideas for a good subject?

•
Few treats can give an editorial heart that certain glow of satisfaction as much as receiving a manuscript which has a point to make—and makes it. That's why we especially enjoyed Marion K. Stocker's *Your Daughters Are What You Make Them* (page 29). As soon as we read it, we knew that here was a woman who had something constructive to say. Sure enough, in our subsequent correspondence and conversations with her we found that she is an expert in her field.


Mrs. Stocker, a former newspaperwoman, worked six years at Cornell University in the College of Home Economics, followed by a stint on a national magazine and, more recently, as a free lancer specializing in the field of family living. "Because it was economically necessary," she tells us, "I have been a working mother since my son, Jim, was five years old, and I believe that it is possible for a woman to work and be a good mother, too. Nevertheless, I am mighty glad that my grandchildren . . . have a full-time mother who loves her job."

Since Mrs. Stocker finished *Your Daughters Are What You Make Them*, new child-rearing research has furnished further proof of her contention that a child's attitudes and values come mainly from the mother. It's like we told you; here's a woman who really knows her field!

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dash; bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

9—Walden S. Fabry • 13—H. Armstrong Roberts • 15-17—L. Covello Photos • 18—Union Pacific—Yosemite Natl. Park • 19—Baltimore Orioles—Leonard Perryman—Globe Photo • 21—Underwood and Underwood • 23—Ruth Freund Bushman • 24-25—George Pickow • 28—Brown Brothers • 29—Ric Gaddis • 34—H. Armstrong Roberts • 47-49—CBS • 50-51—Phyllis Braunlich • 56—H. Armstrong Roberts • 64-66—W. Ray Scott • 67—Harold J. Flecknoe • 70—Grit Publishing Co. • 75-76—Truman G. Yunker.



Beautiful and Methodist:

The Tonga Islands

THE BEAUTIFUL Tonga Islands of the South Pacific are ruled by a tall, stately, and gracious woman whose ancestry traces back to pagan Polynesian kings of 1,000 years ago. But Queen Salote of the islands is no pagan. Like most Tongans, she is a Methodist—moreover, she is the head of that flourishing church in her kingdom.

Christianity and Methodism on the islands date back to 1826 when a young British Methodist couple, the Rev. and Mrs. John Thomas, stepped ashore as missionaries from Australia. But for four years the Thomases were unable to find a single convert.

"Your religion is good for you," the natives said. "Ours is good for us."

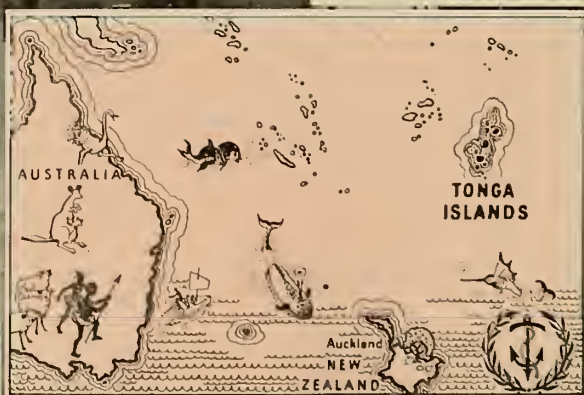
Then suddenly a spiritual revival was fired among the natives. It spread rapidly throughout the 150 islands that make up the Tonga group.

"The windows of heaven were opened and the Spirit was poured out from on high," Thomas wrote. "I never saw anything to equal it . . . One thousand and more individuals bowed before the Lord, weeping at the feet of Jesus."

With that beginning, Christianity brought a remarkable change. Tribal warfare ceased. The people built churches and schools in every village and gave up the practice of offering human sacrifices.

The Tonga islanders today are gentle, peace-loving, and affectionate. The few police one sees are unarmed. There is little crime.

Much of the recent progress can be credited to the reign of Queen Salote, whose people love her and whose admirers are found throughout the world. Born in 1900, educated in New Zealand, she succeeded to the throne in 1918 when her father died. At the coronation of Queen Elizabeth in London she was the only ruler, other than the British royal family, permitted to take part in the proceedings. Her kingdom, a British protectorate, has a population of about 50,000, of which 85 per cent are Methodists. The remainder belong to other Protestant or Roman Catholic churches.



The Tonga or Friendly Islands cover a huge area of 250 square miles in the South Pacific.



A beach home under the shade of a pandanus tree is the privilege of many Tongan families. Here, where South Pacific breezes blow, it is never too hot or cold and no one lacks the necessities of life. The pandanus leaves are used for weaving, for making of baskets and mats.



Beloved Queen Salote, one of the more colorful personalities of Methodism, heads her church on the islands. Christianity was introduced in 1826 when Methodist missionaries came from Australia.



Queen Salote is welcomed by adoring subjects as she returns by boat after a visit to New Zealand.



Prince Tunga, eldest son of the queen, wears - a bright apron—the Tongan symbol of respect.



The royal palace in Nukualofa, a town of around 6,000, is modern and well furnished in the European manner. From here Queen Salote guides the destiny of 50,000 Tongans inhabiting three main groups of coral and volcanic islands.



A monument to the Rev. Shirley Baker, Wesleyan missionary who played an important role in the history of Tonga, stands on one of the islands. At left is Nukualofa's large and beautiful Methodist church, which was completed some five years ago. Musical islanders especially love hymn-sings.

New York Area

Bishop Frederick B. Newell, 150 Fifth Avenue,
New York 11, N. Y.



NEWS of Your Church in Action

Editor: Margaret F. Donaldson
150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.



Deaconesses at Work

New York Conference deaconesses have been called upon this summer for leadership in missions institutes, youth conferences and other groups.

Miss Ruth Pope delivered the commencement address at Erie High School, Olive Hill, Ky., an institution maintained by the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

Miss Mary Lou Barnwell, executive secretary of the Commission on Deaconess Work, taught a course on Christ, the Church and Race at the Northeastern Jurisdiction Woman's Society School of Missions in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Eula M. Chandler, superintendent of the New York Deaconess Home, described deaconess work to the Chatham, Mass., WSCS and at a Chatham service.

Miss Jane Stentz, associate secretary of Missionary Personnel, represented the Board of Missions at the Northeastern Regional Student Leadership Conference at Camp Casowasco, N. Y.

Miss Beryl Lardin taught courses on "Paul—His Life and Teachings" and "Japan" at the Senior Young People's Institute at the Oakwood School in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Church Hearings Planned

The Methodist Church has scheduled public hearings in 24 cities this fall on the "strengths and weaknesses" of its jurisdictional structure, including racial segregation.

Oct. 14 and 15 are the dates for the session in New York City.

Two New York Area men are members of the 70-member commission. They are the Rev. Ralph W. Sockman and Charles C. Parlin, who is serving as chairman.

Hospital Fund Grows

With construction of the New Stanley H. Miner Pavilion under way, the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, has received \$57,552 in recent bequests.

The total includes \$45,552 from the estate of Laura E. Houser, \$10,000 from the estate of A. Milton Napier, and \$1,000 each from the estates of Edna S. Diffendorfer and Julia F. Ring.

The hospital is in the midst of a \$5,400,000 development program.

Friendship Bond Spans 7,000 Miles

An unusual two-way broadcast takes place between Englewood, N. J., and Durban, South Africa, the third Sunday of every month. It is done without benefit of radio or television, but is carried by the most far-reaching and penetrating waves of all—heart waves.

Such a bond was created by the recent pastoral exchange of the Rev. Lowell Atkinson of First Church, Englewood, and the Rev. Stanley Sudbury, president of the Methodist Church of South Africa, that both congregations rise in their churches, 7,000 miles apart, the same Sunday each month to sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Testifying to the warm bond of friendship established during his visit, Dr. Atkinson has been preaching a series of sermons which has brought the people of his parish into close spiritual contact with their faraway neighbors.

Dr. Atkinson stresses the necessity in all human relations of paying attention people, appreciating their good qualities and feeling genuine affection for them.

"This is a big question in South Africa, a multi-racial country, where the white

people are outnumbered four to one," he declares. "Where the Zulu, for instance, is educated with the white man's education, touched with the white man's civilization, and introduced to the white man's Christianity, he can in a single generation respond in such an amazing fashion that it is one of the greatest occasions for hope that I know."

"I am happy to say that our fellow Methodists of South Africa are doing exactly this. They are doing a great and tremendous work among the Zulus, serving them through evangelistic work, medicine, and schools. The church is reaching out to the Zulu people."

As a result of his inspiring observations, a fellowship fund has been established in Englewood to educate a Zulu. The young people have adopted "pen pals" among the South African youngsters, and a stamp exchange has been established with the boys at the Kearney Methodist School in Pietermaritzburg.

Dr. Atkinson came home with more than memories and an enlightened mind and spirit. He returned with a new name and several interesting curios. His Zulu name is "Vulindela," which means "opener of the way."

The welcome extended to him by the congregation of Dr. Sudbury's church, Central Methodist, is something the Atkinsons will never forget. They were also impressed with the housekeeping problems.

"One night we had dinner with one of the families," Mrs. Atkinson recalls. "The woman was in a dither because her new Zulu girl couldn't bring herself to serve the women first. In the Zulu tribe the man is always served first; so she always came to Lowell before serving the ladies!"

One of their adventures was a safari, which included a visit to a game reserve where they saw giraffes, zebra, warthogs, a family of white rhinos, and other animals known in this country only in zoos.

There is one evidence of the country's perplexing problems in Mrs. Atkinson's journal. She writes, "There is a move afoot to pass a law that no native, colored or Indian, may attend a white church. Some of the people are very much excited about it. This country has lots of problems and the government seems to be creating more."



A shield and assegai were among the curios the Rev. Lowell Atkinson brought back to Englewood, N. J., from South Africa. His exchange pastorate in Durban with the Rev. Stanley Sudbury was arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Parlin.

NEW YORK Area Activities

At Drew University, now celebrating its 90th year, President Fred G. Holloway (left) and Vice-president Arthur P. Whitney look over materials used in a national Advertising Council campaign stressing college and university needs. Drew assumed university status in 1928. On wall is drawing of the new auditorium-gymn to be finished soon.



The Rev. Paul Dawson Eddy, a Methodist minister, was honored at a testimonial dinner for his 20 year's service as president of Adelphi College, Garden City. Here Dr. Eddy (seated) listens as the Rev. J. Quinter Miller addresses 500 persons attending the

event. Miller, general secretary of the National Council of Churches of Christ, is watched by television star Tex McCrary, master of ceremonies. During Dr. Eddy's administration Adelphi has become a flourishing institution enrolling approximately 4,300 students.



Mamaroneck Daily Times



Poster announcing the annual Lollipop Fair given by the Mamaroneck, N. Y., Church isn't very clear to young Allan Evangelista, (seated), but Claire and Joan Victor, and Debbie Matlack know it means fun for hundreds of youngsters. Organized as a miniature amusement park, Fairs have given nearly \$2,000 for the church education program.

Long Island Daily Press



Non-pastoral community service occupies the spare time of the Rev. Lauren D. York, pastor at Sea Cliff, N. Y., Church. Holder of an advanced first aid certificate, York drives an emergency ambulance for the Sea Cliff Fire Department Rescue Squad. As one of 20-man crew he is on hand when pain and disaster strike in community emergencies.



Following the expiration of his term as Brooklyn North District superintendent, the Rev. Asbury G. E. Stromberg finds more time to spend with his grandchildren. At annual conference, when his superintendency ended, Stromberg was sent to First Church in Stamford, Conn.



Mrs. Elizabeth P. Witheridge of Minneapolis, Minn., well-known author of children's books, has honored recently at a reception given by Abingdon Press at its New York offices. Here Mrs. Witheridge and her two sons, James, 9, and Thomas, 10, inspect her latest book, *Mara Journeys Home*, published this month by Abingdon. The new book is a sequel to *Mara of Old Babylon*, and tells the story of a young girl's trip from Babylon to Jerusalem after her family's exile. The author, a former kindergarten teacher, is an Old Testament scholar specializing in the period when Babylonians were exiled.



It wasn't easy, but workmen with a giant crane in Burlington, Vt., managed to miss a little tree growing over the spot where they lowered a five-and-a-half ton fuel tank into place. The 6,200 gallon tank installation is part of a \$117,000 building program at First Church in the city. An eight-room addition is being constructed to provide more space for church school and recreation purposes. Lower floor of the present building also has been remodeled and now has a new kitchen, redecorated classrooms, a new stairway, and soundproofing. Television cameras were on hand to record the operation



Dr. Vernon B. Hampton (left), president of the Newark Conference Historical Society, was surprised recently when presented a watch in appreciation of his work as chairman of the conference's centennial celebration. The Rev. Edgar B. Rohrbach (right), chairman of Historical Night, is shown here making the presentation as the Rev. Marvin W. Green, vice-chairman of the centennial committee, looks on. Men all attended the conference, where award was made.



Ground breaking for \$390,000 church in Plattsburgh is done by Glens Falls District Superintendent Walter J. Whitney. Speakers at ceremony were Bishop Newell and the Rev. Howard L. Stimmel, former pastor. Shown with Bishop Newell are the Rev. Lawrence Larroive, present pastor, and the Rev. Ralph Turner, clergy representative.



In 1907 the Rev. Edwin A. Henderson was asked to supply the pulpit at Cornwall Bridge, N. Y., "for two or three weeks." This summer the tenacious pastor said a final farewell to his parish after 50 years of service and retired to New Milford, Conn. The couple (right) soon will mark 59 years of marriage.

The Circuit Writer

Five young persons are ministerial candidates from Plainville (Conn.) Church: Robert Chapman, Ella Case, Arthur Osgood, Jr., Richard Wheeler, and Douglas Osgood.

Jamaica (N. Y.) Church honored its nine full time Christian service members at the 150th anniversary celebrations. Five former ministers attended the festivities. The program included sermons by Bishop Newell, District Superintendent Stromberg, Pastor Charles A. Barton, and the Rev. William H. Alderson, and a musical program, "The Life of Christ in Song," by Philip Cartwright.

An enthusiastic word about government grants for study abroad was received from William R. Mowat, former minister at Greenwich, Conn. He is studying the "predication" of the Reform Church in France and expects to publish conclusions based on correspondence with ministers.

New president of the Yonkers, N. Y. Council of Churches is the Rev. Chester E. Grossman, pastor of Central Church.

He is leading the council's crusade against the legalization of bingo by state legislature.

Hasbrouck Heights' new parish hall has been named the Callender Building to honor the Rev. Paul A. Callender, pastor from 1933 to 1956.

A complete description of the New York offices of the Abingdon Press, 150 Fifth Avenue, is found in *The Circuit Rider*, Methodist Publishing House employee publication. New York is referred to as the "publishing mecca of the world."

The Rev. Wesley Osborne of Searing Memorial, Albertson, N. Y., was guest preacher recently at the Mathewson Street Church in Providence, R. I., where he formerly served as assistant pastor. He also lectured at Christian family week, July 22-29, Shelter Island training center.

A Jewish organist and choirmaster is shared by Pleasantville (N. Y.) Church and nearby Cottage School, a Jewish institution. Cottage School choir recently gave a concert at the Methodist church.

THE BISHOP WRITES

Street Lights and Sea Gulls

Once again vacation time has come and with it rest and relaxation and respite from the heavy winter schedule of work. Even the mail dwindles from the normal fifty letters a day to merely five or ten. Still there is much to be done; planning for the fall, preparing sermons, reading voluminously, painting the back porch and the garage doors, having a "bustle" built on the garage to accommodate the modern car which, like its owner, is often too long for its resting place, and playing golf—not well, but with enjoyment.

Here one sees the stars in all their glory, no longer blotted out by the incandescence of the man-made lights of city streets. Not that the street lights of the great metropolis are essentially evil—surely they are not. One thinks of them and remembers Bishop McConnell's quaint story of one of his early parishes where a legacy of a few hundred dollars to be used for moral uplift was received by the church and voted at his urging to the town for the erection of street lights. There was quite a commotion over his interpretation of "moral uplift" until the town discovered its streets safer at night and its crime and immorality strangely decreased—there's so much good and evil in nearly everything.

And here on this lovely point one watches the sea gulls just before dusk flying from all directions back to Wicopesset, their island nesting place. And as they fly they cry, a sort of human yet eerie cry. Their island is low and rocky and bleak, covered with nests and birds and guano. It's a rather vile place, odorous and ear-splitting with the plaintive crying of thousands of gulls. An evil place? Not quite, for many a seaman in mist and fog, and one of them your bishop, has heard their mournful cacophony and veered off to the safety of deeper waters. The good and evil are found so intermixed in life.

And in this age of atoms and hydrogen, so seriously feared by humankind, there may be a lesson to be found in street lights and sea gulls. Potentiality for evil certainly, but also an inherent capacity for good—such good as the world cannot yet envisage or understand. Possibly in condemning atoms and hydrogen power we sometimes forget that they, too, are the products of God's creativity. He made them just as he did stars and incandescence and sea gulls and you and me—potentially good.

FREDERICK BUCKLEY NEWELL



Mission for Ex-Priests

A new center for former priests has been opened by an organization known as Christ's Mission in the New York Area.

Located at 369 Carpenter Avenue, Sea Cliff, New York, it offers a program of rehabilitation and spiritual guidance.

Dr. Walter M. Montano, executive director, states that Catholic priests who leave the church suffer persecution in the form of social ostracism, economic distress and slander and adds, "Many former priests tell us there are many men in the church who would leave immediately if they had somewhere to go until they could make the difficult adjustment to a new way of life. We earnestly request the prayerful support of Protestant Christians in this important undertaking."

Two Cornerstones Laid

Cornerstones for new churches have been laid at New Canaan, Conn., and Hillside, N. Y.

A \$75,000 project for the renovation and improvement of the Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Church has been approved by the congregation. Initial work will be emergency repairs to the tower.

The Chilson (N. Y.) Church has been redecorated and the exterior painted.

A mortgage-burning was held at the Ticonderoga (N. Y.) Church.

Lake Placid (N. Y.) has completed a fund campaign for a new education building. A new education unit is also planned at Corinth, N. Y.

A new building is under way for the Bakersfield Church in New Hartford, Conn., where fire destroyed an uninsured structure in 1955. Ninety members, with help from other churches and individuals, have raised \$55,000 in cash and pledges toward a \$90,000 building.

New Faces in New Places

Recent changes in New York Area ministerial appointments are:

- New York Conference:
Arthur W. Bloom to Bedford Hills, N. Y.
Robert L. Love to Goldens Bridge, Purdys, and North Salem.
- Troy Conference:
Irving R. Ball to North Creek-North River churches.
P. L. Pierce to Champlain Circuit.
Walter Benedict to Baldwin, N. Y.
A. J. Cambridge to Newcomb and Tahawus.
- New York East Conference:
Harry T. Cupp to East Moriches, N. Y.

In Memoriam:

- New York East Conference:
James W. Boyd, April 24, 1957.
R. Stanley Povey, May 7, 1957.
William L. Comstock, June 27, 1957.
- Newark Conference:
Richard C. Phillips, May 6, 1957.
- New York Conference:
William A. Randall, July 16, 1957, in an auto accident.



The history of the Tongans is lost in the mists of time, but the ancients must have spread through the islands in canoes much like the dugout being built here.



A Tonga policeman seldom has much to do. Crime is almost unknown.



When was Haamonga arch built? No one knows.



These happy, friendly children are typical of generations that have grown up with modern advantages since Queen Salote ascended the throne.

*"Our mailman's
the big hero
at our house
... he brings
Together!"*

Men, women, and yes, even children write expressing delight with their new found friend—TOGETHER! Month after month, they are finding their lives pleasantly enriched. Lauded by families everywhere, Methodism's new ALL FAMILY magazine now visits over 900,000 families.



1
... yes, even children write



2
Mothers, fathers, church school teachers write ...



3
"TOGETHER offers inspiration as our children see PRAYER IN ACTION"



4
"foreign mission lands become real"



5
... "and our gifts seem easier to give!"



6
"I like the movie reviews best" says a teen-ager!



7
" 'Teens Together' column gives good advice" raves another!



8
... contains stories for even the youngest Methodist



9
... for surely he is part of the family



10
Yes, TOGETHER is for all ages—shows "How to be a Christian family"



11
"Good books, hobbies, films viewed with spiritual insight"



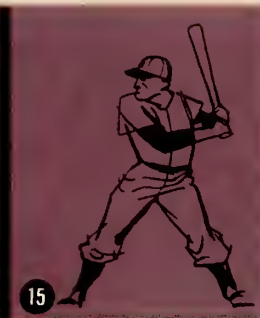
12
... "interesting stories based on Christian virtues"



13
"Methodist approaches to life's great decisions fully discussed"



14
"current Church news and activities take on new importance"



15
"plus exciting reports on famed Methodists everywhere"



16
"stirring topics in accord with Wesley's words 'Think and Let Think'"



17
"and Methodist history unfolds dramatically" ...



18
"John Wesley of the 1700's actually becomes a personal friend"



19
"finally, TOGETHER encourages us in our daily living"



20
... "and through its pages, we all join our fellow Methodists TOGETHER"

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

Together

740 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Your church's ALL FAMILY subscription plan insures every member with regular home visits of TOGETHER each month. You share its cumulative benefits with your many Methodist friends and neighbors.

If your church is not yet including TOGETHER in your church budget, ask your pastor about the ALL FAMILY PLAN now. ALL FAMILY rate 50¢ a quarter, individual rate \$3.00 a year or \$5.00 for two years.

